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No. 396

WON'T YOU LET MY PAPA WORK?

BY MARO O. ROLFE.

[A touching incident occurred in a Western city during the great strike. A little girl, the daughter of a discharged employee of one of the leading railways, went to the office of the superintendent, and, in piteous tones, told a tale of suffering, destitution and death, and besought him to reinstate her father in his for ner position with an increase of wages.—Paper.]

I'm only just a workman's child—
I hope I don't intrude;
I came in here to talk to you,
But yet I'll not be rude.
I know the men have stopped the work—
It is a strike, they say—
But papa could not see us want,
Oh, won't you raise the pay?

Oh, won't you let my papa work? And won't you pay him more? Although you'd never miss the sum, He'd bless you o'er and o'er!

I see that you are angry, sir;
Your look is cold and stern;
You surely would not turn him off—
He has our bread to earn!
The Lord has placed us in his care,
And he'd work ev'ry day
For just enough to buy our food!
Oh, won't you raise his pay?

You could not chide a drowning man
For catching at a straw;
How can you blame a starving man
For breaking o'er the law?
My papa sits in silent woe,
And mamma cried to-day,
Because she had no food for us!
Oh, won't you raise the pay?

in Heaven there's a God, I know,
That pittes all the poor
And writes dark charges on his book
Against the evil-doer
Who thinks a lab'rer's not a man;
I'm sure its leaves display,
With underscores, the names of those
Who have put down the pay!

Don't tell me to be gone from here,
'Cause you are busy now;
I've something more I wish to say,
If you will please allow:
We haven't anything to eat,
And—baby died to-day!
He'll speak a word to God for you,
If you will raise the pay!

I'm sure that you have got a wife And little children too; My papa loves us just as well As yours are loved by you! The wages of all sin is death, The Holy Book does say;

nd if you sin against the poor. The Lord will raise your pay!

Oh, won't you let my papa work? And won t you pay him more? Although you'd never miss the sum, He'd bless you o'er and o er!

The Scarlet Captain:

The Prisoner of the Tower, in doubt. A STORY OF HEROISM.

BY COL. DELLE SARA, AUTHOR OF "THE CAPTAIN OF THE LEGION." "THE PRIDE OF BAYOU SARA," "SILVER SAM," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BOAT IN THE OFFING. Down-down! a hundred feet at least. A fearful descent and one that few mortals would care to make.

But were the two adventurers unharmed? Had they boldly leaped into the sea to escape from their determined and ruthless pursuers, or had the shots of the Turkish muskets taken

ready to do and dare, or bleeding, mangled forms, bereft of life's vital spark by the fatal lead of the Moslem muskets?

That was the question which agitated the minds of the renegade and his followers. Eagerly they rushed to the ramparts and

down into the dark gulf beneath. The air of the night was chill, the wind circling with many a mournful sound amid the branches of the trees on the near hillside, and the ever-moving waters of the famed old sea, chafing restlessly against the weather-beaten rocks of the tower, sung a low, wild song, full

to the top of many a strange note And was the murmur of the tide the requiem for the dead—the wail of sorrow for the rash covered. men who had found a grave within its bosom, or was it the pean of triumph for the daring hearts who had risked life and all by trusting to old step-mother ocean, and by the venture

at one bound had clutched success?
The night was so dark—the light of the moon so feeble—that little could be discerned, as the turbaned host looked down into a misty space where neither life nor death appeared. Nothing but the ceaseless song of the murmuring waves or the shrill scream of the night birds disturbed from their nests in the cavities of the old tower-wall by the flashes of the torches, the

"A bird-cry," answered the renegade, his der sail, or do my eyes deceive me?" ever dark face darker than usual at the un"It is a boat, your excellency," toward results of his carefully-planned schemes.



High up on a beetling crag, two men watched the Turkish host entangled in the mountain defiles.

evidently not willing to believe that the two bold blades could have escaped.

Yes, yes!" a dozen voices cried in chorus, steady gaze

"they were hit!"
"Oh, yes," Hassan continued, "I saw the assented.
"No ne tall fellow with the scarlet jacket stagger; he

did not leap, he fell from the tower rocks?" the renegade demanded.

Water—twenty fathoms at the least," re- now they seek safety in flight." plied the old warder of the tower, who chanced to be one of the throng

And if a man leaped unburt from the tower

what are the chances of his escaping?" questioned the renegade. The warder shook his head.

"It is a fearful leap," he replied, evidently

"And the result would be certain death, would it not, whether the man was unhurt or not before he leaped?" Hassan cried. In his own mind the Turk was fully satisfied that both of the adventurers had gone to their long

"By Allah! I cannot tell!" responded the warder. "No man ever yet made the attempt.'

"And if they reached the water unhurt, how far must they swim before they can make a landing on the shore?" Ismail Bey asked. He was just as positive that the two alventurers had escaped the bullets of his followers as they were positive to the contrary. "Two hundred feet, go they either way,"

the old man replied. "We lose time, then, dallying here!" the

The false son of the noble old mountain race had jumped at once to the nativity of the man who had, at such an untimely hour, wedded Scutari's countess

Away then, on the instant, the troopers hurried. With hasty steps they raced down the climbing upon the overhauging buttresses gazed massive stair-case and out through the great tone portals. Outside the tower the party divided, one squad sped away to the south, the other to the

north, and both came to the water's edge just by the ends of the fortress. The torches flared along the shore and the reflections danced far out on the crest of the

of either of the two adventurers could be dis-"To-morrow the sea will wash their bodies

up on the shore," one of the Turkish officers A dark look came over the renegade's face, but he said nothing. It was plain that he was puzzled and was not fully satisfied that the

waters of the Adriatic. It was a mystery to the wily renegade how the marriage had been arranged, but he believ-

clang of arms and the fierce oaths of the wild arrived just in time to be of service to her. Still looking around intently, the quick eyes of the false Montenegrean perceived a tiny from the window of the old tower upon the do I know aught of him, for I do not remember a tale of his daring courage and excellent gen-

exclaimed. "The men we seek are in yonder without to the fier

"Who knows what is beneath—water or boat. She was passing near to the tower when they leaped from it; she picked them up, and "The first trick in the game is thine, Catherine," the renegade demanded. "they leaped from it; she picked them up, and erine!" the renegade said, "thanks to this med-

One and all, the general excepted, fully and firmly believed that the two men had found a

grave beneath the swelling waters Hassan and his party came up.

"Well?" the renegade demanded in his ab-rupt, stern way, although it was hardly necessary for him to put the question, for he plainly

read failure in the face of his officer.
"Nothing, your excelleney, no trace at all."
"Did you observe a fishing-boat standing out

from the land?" "Yes, your excellency."
"It is a hundred chances to one that our men

are on board of that boat." Hassan looked incredulous 'In the morning search the coast up and

down for twenty miles at least and find the captain who sails youder boat. Have a placard issued offering a reward of a hundred pieces of gold for information which will lead to the capture of either one of these two men." Hassan bowed.

The renegade beckoned the Turk apart we lose the furkish muskets taken effect?

We lose the field, dailying here! the stren Moslem chief cried. "Away at once to the shore! Hassan, go you to the south while famed in story and in song—receive into its close embrace living men, full of resolution, the man who discovers the Montenegrean!"

The relegated before the furk apart.

"Call a council of officers here in the tower at twelve to-night; there is mischief afoot, I fear. We have lost the Scutari district, and we must strike a severe blow at once or else we will have the Scutari men-at-arms on the Montenegrean side; but if we can succeed in dispersing this Montenegrean force in the Duga pass, we may at least hold Scutari neutral.

and the renegade entered the tower.

CHAPTER IX. THE RENEGADE'S PLAN.

STRAIGHT to the apartment of the countess the renegade proceeded. He entered without ceremony and found the two ladies standing waves, but fruitless was the search; no trace | by the great oval window looking out upon the sea, anxiously peering down into the darkness

Catherine, with all her haughty pride, had felt concerned for the safety of the man who had so boldly thrust his head into the lion's mouth for her sweet sake.

Quick in wit, as women naturally are, she had dispatched the old priest to learn how the daring man who had come between him and fray had ended, and the aged Ivan ascertained his cherished plans had found a grave in the without difficulty from the first Turkish soldier whom he had encountered that the two adventurers had been chased to the roof of the old tower and from the parapet, to escape the Mosed the Montenegrean to be some lover of the countess who had followed his mistress and had A fear'ul chance for life!

"Am I a widow then, almost as soon as wedded?" the countess murmured, as she gazed "Hark!" cried Hassan, perched upon the white speck afar off in the gloom, dancing wall, a torch in his band, and gazing earnestly white speck afar off in the gloom, dancing upon the bosom of the wave.

"What is that?" he cried; "is it a boat until the window of the wi sound which would tell of a strong man's strug- night.'

Afar up and down along the shore, beyond felt. er dark face darker than usual at the unward results of his carefully-planned schemes one of the officers—"a fishing craft, probably, beating into a harbor."

All up and down along the shore, beyond the walls of the tower, she could see the torches of the Turkish soldiery flaming out in the darking the walls of the tower, she could see the torches of the Turkish soldiery flaming out in the darking the walls of the tower, she could see the torches of the Turkish soldiery flaming out in the darking the walls of the tower, she could see the torches of the Turkish soldiery flaming out in the darking the walls of the tower, she could see the torches of the Turkish soldiery flaming out in the darking the walls of the tower, she could see the torches of the Turkish soldiery flaming out in the darking the walls of the tower, she could see the torches of the Turkish soldiery flaming out in the darking the walls of the tower, she could see the torches of the Turkish soldiery flaming out in the darking the walls of the tower, she could see the torches of the Turkish soldiery flaming out in the darking the walls of the tower, she could see the torches of the Turkish soldiery flaming out in the darking the walls of the tower, she could see the torches of the walls of the tower, she could see the torches of the Turkish soldiery flaming out in the darking the walls of the tower, she could see the torches of the walls of the tower, she could see the torches of the walls of the tower, she could see the torches of the walls of the tower, she could see the torches of the walls of the tower, she could see the torches of the walls of the walls of the walls of the tower, she could see the torches of the walls of the walls of the walls of the walls of the tower, she could see the torches of the walls of ness of the night, and every now and then to I reached my twenty-first year or else lose my | watchful nature like to the eagles of their own

"To me she seems as if she were standing the ears the free winds brought the sound of out to sea," Ismail Bey observed, after a long, the Moslem laugh and the sound of the Moslem curse, but no trace of the gallant fellow who "It may be so-it is so, I think," the other had so freely risked his life for her sake.

The abrupt entrance of Ismail Bey turned "No need to look further!" the Turkish leader | the attention of the two ladies from the scene

dling priest!" and he scowled at the affrighted But not one of the group coincided with the renegade in this opinion, although none chose wantonly have harmed the very worm crawling in the dust beneath his feet.

"All the blame is mine!" cried Catherine, spiritedly. "He but obeyed my orders, and under compulsion, too.'

"You are a married woman and have saved your lands," the renegade confessed.
"Yes; and now that you have failed in your

purpose, I trust that you will throw open the gates of this tower and let us go free."
"Not so fast," the false Montenegrean re-

plied, a dark smile upon his bronzed face. 'The knot that yonder trembling priest has tied with book and prayer, I, with the edge of my saber, have severed. You have been a wife, but now my hand has widowed you."

"My husband is dead?" " Yes.

"Ob, no!" and a proud smile curled Catherine's superb lip. The renegade looked annoyed; he had not for

an instant imagined that the countess understood how matters had gone. "Your husband is dead. Why do you imply

"Because it exists," the countess replied, promptly. "To save himself from your bullets the Scarlet Captain and his companion leaped

"And there perished!" interrupted the officer "Be not so sure of that!" retorted the count-"Yonder fishing-boat, now standing out to sea, was but a short time ago running close beneath the walls of the tower. The chances Hassan proceeded at once upon his mission are more than even that, instead of finding a grave under the surface of the tide, the two men, who so boldly dared your anger, are safe in the fishing-boat.

He did not attempt to argue the point, but one thing the officer desired to ascertain -who was the fellow whose unexpected presence in moment he arrived and gave the word. the old tower had so completely baffled his deeplaid plan.

Who is this man, who, for your sake, has so boldly risked his life?" I named him but now-the Scarlet Cap-

The Scarlet Captain?"

A fanciful title, truly; but, what else; has ne no other name? None that I am aware of." The Turkish general knitted his black brows;

he fancied that he was being deceived.
"It is useless to attempt to juggle with me!"

countess of Scutari, must be well known."

to have ever set eyes upon his face before this

"You yourself set the conditions by which despair.

lands. This man came—a perfect stranger to me, and when I questioned him as to his name, and he replied that he was called the Scarlet Captain, I was content. He accepted the terms I imposed; a husband I must have, and he answered the purpose. No lover of mine, though -nothing but a tool which I condescended to use in the dire emergency wherein your craft had placed me."

Ismail Bey saw that the lady spoke but the truth and his bold heart admired the daring which had seized upon the sole chance to defeat the plan which would have wrested her lands from her.

In truth it was a brave heart that Catherine of Scutari carried within her woman's breast. "And now that your scheme is set at naught will you bid the gates of this tower open that I may pass freely to my home?" the lady de-

Again the sinister smile on the face of the "I said the first trick was yours," he replied,

"but the second and the game, upon which your fortunes are staked, I intend to win." Fire flashed from the brilliant eyes of the ountess, but with a great effort she restrained

"I do not understand," she said, coldly; please explain."

"You have been married; the chances are that you are now a widow; you are here, in my hands, helpless, a prisoner. If your hus-band—this nameless adventurer, this Scarlet Captain—is alive, if he has escaped alike the bullets of my soldiers and the waters of the Adriatic, his death is only a question of time, for I shall hunt him down as steadily as the ravening wolves chase the stricken deer. When he is dead, you will be quite free to marry again, and the next time I will take care that

no interloper takes my place."
"This is terrible!" cried the countess, in heat;

you will not dare!" "Oh, will I not? Wait and see! John Belina, the outcast Montenegrean, has dared many things in crossing the gulf which lay between the penniless, friendless lad, driven from his home and kin, and the Governor of Albania, Ismail Bey. This bold adventurer, who has dared to cross my will, is doubtless one of the Montenegrean leaders of the force now holding the Pass of Duga. Within three days I'll cut a way through the pass and send this rabble, calls itself an army h. nountain homes. With a heel of iron I'll stamp Montenegro to the dust and make these stubborn mountaineers curse the hour when they were rash enough to brave the power of their master, the Turkish Sultan, and bring apon them the mailed hand of stern-faced

"The Turk has never yet subdued the free mountaineers of Montenegro," Catherine answered spiritedly; "and Russia will never stand tamely by and see a Christian people trampled neath the feet of the Moslem.

"Wait and see; but whether Montenegro suceeds or fails, you at least shall not escape me. will keep you safely here until I either ascertain that this bold adventurer is dead, or else succeed in capturing him, in which case, I'll shoot him on the instant. Then you will be free to accept my suit. It is long years, Catherine, since your father drove me from his door because I dared to lift my eyes to you, but the nemory of the wrong is as fresh as though it happened only yesterday. The whirliging of time has brought me my revenge, and by my soul I swear that nothing on this earth has power to turn me from my purpose. face made me false to my country-drove me forth an outcast, and now only your sweet self can atone for the past. Let no vain hope of escape delude you; the tower is well guarded and every precaution taken. To-morrow I march against the insurgents, and when I return, Catherine, you shall be mine!"

And then the renegade withdrew from the apartment, leaving behind him consternation,

CHAPTER X.

THE ADVANCE.

At midnight in the old tower the council of ar was held. The advent of the commander-in-chief had een expected for some time, and, consequently, all was in readiness for an advance in force the

An army of some ten thousand men the Turks had collected in the territory adjacent to the old tower; an army of observation, merely, it was said, but the sturdy mountaineers knew better. They fully understood that when the hour was ripe the Moslem host would sweep through the defiles of Montenegro with all the fury of the mountain avalanche, leaving naught but death and destruction in their track Well commanded, too, were the Turkish

No better man in all the sultan's dominions than Mukhtar Pasha, the second in command, and as a cavalry leader all Europe held few he exclaimed, impatiently. "You can not hope to keep the name of this bold fellow from me wild commander of the wild Bashi Bazouks; long; the name of the lover of Catherine, and as for the chief of the army, the darkbrowed, stern-willed renegade, evil-eyed Ismail "My lover! Oh! you have arrived at a false Bey, the Persian armies, who had often fled beconclusion. The man is no lover of mine, nor fore the edge of his flashing saber, could many eralship relate; and the gray-coated Russians, too, during the Crimean struggle, learned to The officer looked the amazement which he dread the Turkish general who seemed to bear a charmed life and fought with the courage of

The Montenegreans, ever on the alert—in their

native mountains-had not been idle while the Turkish host lay at Dulcigno; like the rolling

ball of snow, it grew larger and larger.
Warlike news travels with a fleet foot, and within three days after the first squadron of Bashi Bazouks rode by the old dark tower and went into camp in the forest bordering on the sea which commanded the high road to the north, not a lonely village amid the Montene-grean mountains, perched like eagles' nests amid the hills of pine, but knew that the insolent Turk threatened their own free, native land, and that warriors were needed.

Descendants of the warlike Greeks of old, a nation of shepherd warriors, to throw aside the peaceful tools of agriculture and seize the weapons of war, was but as a second nature

And so, rushing down from their mountain fastnesses as the wild torrents pour after the thunder lowers and the lightnings flash, the bold and hardy mountaineers seized upon the Pass of Duga, the natural avenue to the Monte negrean land. As to the number of these wild warriors even the well-trained Turkish spies were at fault. One reported a thousand men another, five thousand.

Little wonder that the wily renegade, per plexed by the conflicting accounts, sought to flank the strong position occupied by the Montenegrean army, rather than attempt to force a passage through the Pass.

And the Montenegrean general—the skillful student in the art of war who had had the wit to seize a position so strong with his weak force that Ismail Bey, with ten thousand vet-eran troops at his back, hesitated to attempt to force a way through the Pass—who was he?

If Madam Rumor lied about the number of the Christian host, lied she still more recklessly and wildly in regard to the name of the man who, by his first move on the great chess-board of war, had caused skillful Ismail Bey to knit his brows, pull his beard, curse the chance and wonder how he could give a Roland for the Oliver so adroitly tendered.

Nicholas, Prince of Montenegro, was the lineal ruler over the mountain land, but Nicholas was a boy, so termed by the Turkish veterans, one who had

"Never set a squadron in the field

Nor the decision of a battle knew more than a

spinster."

And was he, fresh from finishing his education in la belle Paris, gayest city of the old Eastern world, the man to leap at once into the saddle of command—the seat of generalship—and with one single move set at naught the skill of the able Turkish generals?

Oh, no! such an idea was utterly absurd! The Montenegrean prince, full of French polish, the rough mountaineer lacquered over by the civilization of the wickedest city in all the world, might do well enough to figure in a court-suit and perform the stately ceremonies of power, but to grasp the war-horse's rein, lead men to battle, join the fray where cracked crowns and bloody wounds were to be got and given-no, not he!

The great Russian bear was at the bottom of

the mystery.
As perfidious Albion, crafty-trading England had lent Hobart Pasha to the Turks, and so strengthened the Moslem navy with a little Anglo-Saxon oak, so the far-seeing, far-reaching Russian, his eye on Constantinople, his paw on the Black Sea, had lent some whiteheaded, sage old general—some Dumskroski or Wiskeranoff, grown gray in service beneath the Russian eagles, to head the Montenegrean

And then another flying-and lying, perchance—report! The Montenegrean general was a mountaineer born, but who had been educated in the Russian service expressly for such an emergency.

But, be there truth or falsehood in these reports, there was no denying that the first action of the Montenegrean commander had caused the able Turkish generals to put on their think-

ing-caps.
Oflan Agan, who, as a cavalry commander, stood second to no captain in the Turkish service, despite his blundering ways, had been as signed to the task of discovering some avenue to turn the Montenegrean position.

The Irishman, good judge of human nature, searched carefully until he found a fellow who he thought could be trusted, provided he

From this man, a native of the soil, by occupation a shepherd, the Bashi-Bazouk officer ascertained that there was a lonely footpath over the mountain through which the Pass of

With two companions, fowling-pieces in hand, in disguise, and apparently on sport intent, the Irishman explored the lonely way. He found the words of the shepherd true in

every particular. Up and over and through the beetling crags the path ran, and finally debouched into the level plain a short half-mile north of the north-

ern end of the Duga Pass. To transport artillery over the mountain by means of the obscure path was impossible, but a regiment of men or a squadron of horse could easily travel the steep and uncertain

Here then was an easy solution of the problem which had perplexed the Turkish commanders.

While a few thousand men engaged the attention of the Montenegreans in the Pass, a strong column could, by means of the mountain road, be thrown abruptly on the rear of the

Of course, this movement accomplished, the total destruction of the Montenegrean army

At one o'clock the council separated, and with the daylight, the Turkish column, the renegade in command, plunged into the defile and commenced the flank movement, while Mukhtar Pasha prepared to amuse the mountaineers by a sham attack in their front,

High up on a beetling crag, concealed amid the sturdy pines, two men watched the Turkish host entangled in the mountain defiles.

"God is great!" cried the Scarlet Captain, for one of the men was he. "You army is delivered, helpless, into my hands!"

(To be continued - commenced in No. 394.)

"OUR boy Swipes," says a California paper, is a regular attendant at Sunday school. Last Sunday his teacher was explaining a chapter to the class in the Book of Kings. After delivering herself of what she thought to be a very entertaining discourse, she asked the class, What is a king?' This was a poser to the class. Finally our boy Swipes, who is the pride of the Sunday school, held up his hand. This made his teacher smile benignly, for she was proud to see him so ready with an answer; so she said, 'Well, Swipes, what is a king?' Weil, miss, you see, when you get in the king row and put a checker on him, why then he's a king; and when somebody leads jack, and another fellow plays a queen on pedro, you can mouth, and the sponge applied directly to her make his eyes hang out by taking 'em both

MY MOUNTAINS.

BY J. L. STODDARD.

I watch them, as the king of day retires, Like royal courtiers hold his purple train, Their glittering summits tipped with golden fires, Their bases darkening in the gloom-wrapt plain

Yon lustrous peak whose pinnacles o'erleap Its giant brothers, is to me Mont Blanc; Those tiny cloudlets struggling o'er the steep Are hardy travelers on its mighty flank. such have I seen it from the Alpine vale, In whose warm lap the frosty glaciers melt— strange that this radiant mist, so soon to pale, Can thus recall the thrill by Leman felt!

That tapering cone, o'er whose resplendent brow A floating wreath of roseate vapor curls, Is Yulcan's dreaded mount, which oft as now O'er Naples' peaceful bay its plume unfurls.

And this, the fairest, on whose spotless sheen The sun's last beams with trebled ardor rest Naught else can be than Interlaken's queen, A thousand jewels on her snow's breast!

Yon graceful form, thus flecked with pearly whit Suggests the pride of Marathon's curved shore Whose pure Pentello wealth still greets the sight For sculptors' hands, alas! exhumed no-more!

And this majestic, ever-darkening peak, Which here in lines of deepest azure rears Its clear-cut profile 'gainst eve's glowing cheek, Like Egypt's grandest Pyramid appears!

Thus to my fancy in the waning light
My cherished mountains like loved friends return,
And greet me till they sbroud themselves in night,
While from their depths the rolling planets burn.

The Bouquet Girl;

HALF A MILLION DOLLARS.

BY AGILE PENNE, AUTHOR OF "ORPHAN NELL," "STRANGE STORIES OF MANY LANDS," "THE DE-TECTIVE'S WARD," "WOLF OF ENHOVEN," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER XXIX. A FOUL OUTRAGE.

"NINE o'clock, diavolo!" cried the adven turer, angrily, as he listened to the sound of the bells. "Is it so late, then?" "Is is nine," the colonel assented, in his

stolid way. "And ze young man-ze actor, Craige, omes soon after nine; we have no time to ose; we must be quick or else we shall have our labor for our pains. I must insnare our bird, at once.'

The carriage was drawn up to the curbston just below the old tenement house, the horses' neads facing toward Hester street.

The colonel was on the box all muffled up and striving to appear as much like a regular driver as possible. The adventurer had dended to the sidewalk.

"I will proceed at once," he said; "turn you ze horses around and drive right up in front of ze door; then jump down and be ready to assist me-ready to place yourself between us and ze corner, so that no one can see me place ze girl in ze coach. Be tranquil! keep you your head and we shall not fail.

Then the Italian marched into the old brick | the coach barracks, while the colonel proceeded to carry out his instructions.

Straight up the stairs walked the Italian until he arrived at the door of the apartments occupied by the old Irishwoman with whom the Bouquet-Girl had found refuge.

The Italian seemed to possess the catlike vor the vile. moment, then took a small bottle from his girl in his arms and entered the house.

A strong, subtile odor filled the damp and nurky atmosphere, at which the Italian shook his head. "She will smell this-she cannot help it; ah!

but will she suspect? Oh, no! it is not prob-

It was a bold game the adventurer was laying, and now at the eleventh hour his eart began to fail him; he felt a doubt of uccess, so hesitated to knock.

'If I am caught it is ze State Prison," he murmured; "but for what do I play? A half a million of dollairs! Is it not worth ze risk? With a desperate effort he screwed his courage to the sticking point and knocked at the

His design was a simple one - to pretend to the girl that he had some important information to communicate regarding Mr. Craige: swear that the young actor was in danger; entice her out into the entry under the pretense that his information was so important that it must not be overheard by any one; and then, when once the door was closed, the sponge saturated with chloroform and the heavy shawl must perform their offices.

He had little fear that the old Irishwoman person might interfere with his plan, but if he took the alarm, her cries would arouse the neighborhood, and then "good-by" to all hope

In obedience to his summons the door opened and the Bouquet-Girl appeared in person.

'Hush, signora!" cried the Italian, mysteriously; "betray you no sign of surprise! To erve you I come. That noble young man, ze Signor Craige he is in great danger; you can save him, but no one else in ze wide world must know that in ze matter I have a hand, as it may cost a-me my life! Please step you outside and then to you I will explain; ze lady inside must not hear."

Frank dreamed of no danger - had no thought of evil. "The lady is out at present, o speak freely; no one can overhear you," she The name of Craige was the said, at once.

open-sesame to her confidence. And then, in the heart of the scheming Italian, came a great thrill of joy. Success seemed certain.

'Ah, signora, if you will have ze kindness to permit me to enter," he said, bowing

Certainly. And as the Bouquet-Girl turned half-around. came the villain's opportunity. He seized the unsuspecting girl in his vise-like grasp. One broad hand he placed upon her mouth, thus

stifling any attempt to alarm the house; with the other hand he applied the sponge, saturated with the potent drug, to her nostrils He held her against his breast, so that it was

almost impossible for her to move. In vain she strove to resist the effects of the owerful drug, for now, too late, she fully ealized that she was the victim of a terrible outrage, but the firm hand pressed over her nostrils cut off the supply of air, and, resist as she might, nature was yielding.

thick and heavy; all around her grew suddenly dark, and then a great wheel, throwing a vast shower of brilliant sparks, seemed to revolve she could either escape or succeed in giving an within her brain; the wheel burst and all was darkness

The drooping head, the light, helpless form, only kept from sinking prone upon the floor by the powerful arms of the adventurer, re-vealed to him that the girl was wholly in his

No time was to be lost, for the old Irishwoman might return at any moment; then, too, it was nearly time for Craige to make his

Sustaining the unconscious form with one o his strong arms, he folded the shawl carefully around her, and then, raising the girl in his arms, her identity almost completely concealed by the heavy muffler, he prepared to descend. First he carefully closed the door of the apartment, so that the entry way was again wrapped in utter darkness, and then rapidly turned down the stairs.

"Diavolo!" he muttered; "it will not be well for any one to attempt to stop me now, for I am desperate! I play for a great stake, and

mean to win at any cost!"

Fortune - fickle jade! favors the brave, they say; and also the descrate, too, for in this case the Italian succeeded admirably in his risky attempt. He reached the street door

without encountering a soul.

In obedience to orders, the colonel had the coach-door open, and stood ready to assist his

"Up to ze box and drive off:" the leader exclaimed, as he advanced with his burden. Not a soul was within sight, excepting the people passing by on Grand street, at the corner; and of course, at such a distance, in the darkness, no danger was to be apprehended from them.

The colonel climbed to the driver's seat as fast as his clumsy limbs would permit, but, before he had got the reins fairly in hand, the principal, with his helpless burden, was safely ensconced within the coach with the door

snugly closed. The colonel started the horses, and the orutes, ugly, clumsy animals, struck into a

Down the street they went, and turned into Grand, and as the coach rolled past Center Market, the keen-eyed Italian, ever on the watch, detected the tall, manly figure of the young actor, Craige, evidently proceeding to

"By all the devils below!" cried the Italian, drawing a long breath, "but this has been a narrow shave. Five minutes more—three minutes even-and he would have caught me coming out of ze house. And what then!" he cried, sinking back upon the seat and clutching at the air with his nervous fingers. "Would I have a-let him rob me of ze prize? No, no, no! not while this hand can wield a dagger!"

> CHAPTER XXX THE HAUNTED CELLAR.

THE carriage did not proceed directly to the lair of the Italians, but took a roundabout course. This was done in order to baffle pur-

suit if any prying eye had been attracted to Through Grand street to Broadway they

went, up Broadway to Spring street, through Spring to Crosby, directly past the dingy, twotoried brick house where the abductor occapied apartments; but did not stop. The route had been carefully arranged beforehand, and Upon his arm the adventurer carried a heavy the object of driving past the house was to see gray traveling shawl, and in his hand was a if the coast was clear. The street was dark, almost deserted; fortune indeed seemed to fa-

faculty of seeing in the dark, for the gloom that reigned supreme within the entry did not appear to disconcert him in the least. When he arrived at the door, he paused, listened for descended from the coach with the insensible

The two men occupied the basement floor. entrance to which was gained by a passage under the front stoop,

The moment the Italian and his precious orden disappeared under the stoop, the colonel drove cff so as not to excite suspicion So far the plot had succeeded admirably: the Bouquet-Girl was in their power, and the abduction had excited no suspicion.

Everything had been carefully arranged, the door to the basement was unlocked, also the door leading from the entry to the front basement. Within the room a coal-oil lamp, the wick turned down, afforded a dim light.

The two rooms were scantily furnished: a couple of chairs, an old table, two rude bunks arranged upon the floor, some dilapidated dishes, and that was all.

Rather an insecure prison-house for the captive girl, one would be tempted to exclaim, considering that the two front windows al though closely barred by heavy shutters, looked right out upon the street, and that a single cry-a woman's shrill scream-would be cer tain to alarm the neighborhood.

But the Italian had thought of all this; he was playing for a heavy stake and had arranged

Below the basement was a cellar-a dark, deep unwholesome pit, never used by the occupants of the house, for the landlord had not only locked and nailed up the door which led to it, but had absolutely taken the stairs away, thus cutting off all access to the underground

Good reason had the thrifty Italian who owned the house for thus acting. Within the narrow walls of the little house some ten families were huddled, a family to every room. all Italians, and the poorest of the poor, and so it had been for the last few years-in fact, ever since the Italian had bought the house and among these families had been many despairing souls, and when the yoke of poverty had pressed too hardly upon their necks, down into the dark recesses of the cellar they had gone and ended their wretched lives with their own bands.

The house began to get an evil name: the superstitious foreigners declared that the unquiet spirits of the men who had so wantonly rushed into the presence of their Maker, haun ed the cellar; tenants began to move out and

seek other quarters. In fact, so widely had the evil reputation of the cellar extended that total strangers to the house, but all Italians though, weary of life, stole into the fatal vault, and there, with their despairing hands, solved the problem of

existence by ending it, No use to lock the door; these weary, reckless souls forced the portal open, and so, in a rage, at last the landlord not only nailed the door up as firmly as wood and metal would

permit, but took away the stairs bodily These stringent measures had the desired effect, and the wretched men who were weary of life, sought elsewhere for suitable places to her senses. "Permit me to assist you to shuffle off the mortal coil. a-rise.

Acquainted with all the particulars regard been so carefully cut off, the busy mind of the the contact.

Her senses began to reel; her breath came Italian at once perceived how suitable a place

The first thing was to gain access to the cellar. The two men had formerly occupied a room in the garret, but when the adventurer ormed the plan to abduct the girl, he thought of the haunted excavation, so securely closed o all the world; no better place to hide the girl away could possibly be found.

And, as luck would have it, the two base-nents over the cellar were unoccupied. He at once set to work promptly; he hired the front basement and the colonel the back one; this was done so as not to excite suspicion, which might have been raised if one man

had taken both rooms. The basements secured, the next thing was to cut a trap door in the floor and construct a rude ladder, so as to get into the vault. This was not a hard task, and was soon accom-

plished. The cellar was damp and unwholesome, and as dark as Egypt, but all this was so much the better for the Italian's purpose. He had an idea in his head which, developed into action, ne fondly fancied would prevent the girl from

At the back of the subterranean apartment a partition had been run across, and inside of that, at right angles, another partition, thus forming two small rooms, formerly devoted to coal and wood.

High up in the wall in each of these apartments there had been a small window. These apertures for air and light the landlord had oarded up when he had resolved to isolate the vault from all the world, but, as the poor tenants in the house were continually wrenching off the boards for firewood, he had finally bricked up the window-spaces solidly.

One of the little rooms had a good strong door to it, and the wily Italian at once pitched upon this apartment as the prison-pen for the

Removed as it was from the noise of the street, and with only about six inches of the top of the back wall abutting on the yard, and that wall a good solid one, it would be almost impossible for the girl to guess that she was still in the m dst of busy, bustling New York.

Upon the floor of the wood-room a rude bed had been spread. A chair and a table comprised the rest of the furniture. To render the door secure, the Italian had affixed two stout bolts to the outside, one at

the top, the other at the bottom. A lantern, too, he had provided, and a hook, attached to a beam in about the center of the cellar, whereon to swing it. The door which led from the entry-way into the basement he had provided with strong locks and stout bolts; in fine, no measure of

precaution had been neglected. Straight into the front basement the adventurer bore the girl, locked the door securely behind him, placed her upon one of the rude pallets spread upon the floor, and then turned up the other, revealing the line of the trap-door beneath. Thus he had concealed the trap

from any prying eyes. The trap open, the gloomy vault below, illuminated only by the single light of the lantern,

Raising the light figure of the girl carefully in his strong arms, the Italian descended the ladder, and then, when he had gained the floor below, he proceeded to deposit his precious burden in the narrow room which his craft

had provided for her. He placed her upon the rude couch, removed the shawl which had been carefully wrapped around her head, and then, fetching the lantern, which he stood upon the table, he pro ceeded to carefully examine the condition of

the unconscious prisoner. Quiet as the inmate of a tomb, the Bouquet-Girl lay. At the first glance the Italian believed that she was dead.

Diavolo!" he cried, in consternation: have killed her all ze fat is in ze fire! Was know that you are a great heiress? ze drug too strong? Oh, no! I have used more than that before; but perhaps she is weaker than I thought. She may have been afflicted with heart-disease; if so, ze drug might produce a fatal effect. If she is dead,

then am I a cheated man." No word of pity for the girl-no regret for the perpetration of the foul outrage; only an oath and a bitter thought that the half a milof the old confectioner. lion of "dollairs" would escape him, after all

But his apprehension was unfounded; the girl was not dead, and slowly, little by little, the color came back to her face.

CHAPTER XXXI. THE ITALIAN'S SCHEMES.

THE potent effects of the powerful drug were gradually passing away, and the Italian gloating over the prostrate form of his victim as the malignant-eyed Faust might have gloated over a helpless soul, lost to virtue and destined for fires eternal-saw that she would soon wake to consciousness.

it is goot!" he murmured. "I was a-sure that I did not make ze dose too strong. To kill her now-to see her die at ze very moment of victory-oh, no! that would be too terrible She must live-live to give me my a blow! share of that half a million of dollairs.

The pale lips of the girl moved convulsively. and a low sigh escaped from between the pearly teeth. "She will soon open her eyes, and then—what then, ha!" mused the Lalian. "Will she

ery out? will she scream, or will she accept her fate and rest tranquil?" These questions would be answered in a few

minutes, for already the victim was beginning to recover her senses Slowly the dark eyes opened and stared in astonishment about. The effect of the subtile

drug still lingered, and for a few moments the girl's mind refused to work with its usual clearness; but, little by little, the truth flashed ipon her; back to her mind came the memory f what had transpired in the old tenementhouse. She remembered the message of the Italian, the violent assault, and the application

of the potent drug to her nostrils. The Bouquet-Girl was quick-witted, and now that her mind had regained its customary clearness she fully comprehended all that had happened.

She glanced around her; the dim light east by the lantern fully revealed the narrow com-pass of her prison-house; and the lank figure of the Italian, gazing down upon her hollow, insincere smile so natural to his face, betrayed the pitiless jailer

"You have recovered from your illnessah! my dear child! in my heart I cry aloud with gladness!" exclaimed the abductor, perceiving that the girl was in full possession of

He advanced to her side; the girl accepted

The Italian noticed the convulsive move

"You are a-cold!" he cried. "A hundred thousand pardons that I have no better place to offer you, but I am a-poor; what can I do? We cannot conquer fortune, therefore we must be content.

He assisted the girl to the chair placed by the table upon which the canteen stood.

"Rest you there, my own stricken deer: rest tranquil; do not fear; your farder will protect you against all ze world."

"Why have you brought me here, and where am I?" Frank asked, gazing fearfully at the dark, damp walls that surrounded her.

"If you remember, my child, I came to tell you of Mistar Craige; no sooner did his name my lips escape than it seemed like one great eannon-ball to strike you to ze heart; you turned pale—you tottered—you cried in accents wild, 'I die, I die!' and upon your gentle frame delirium did seize. What was I to do? You was my child! Was I to stand there like a man of marble and see you a suffer? Oh, no! the feelings of a farder that throb here in my heart forbid it! I determined to bear you away; I had this shelter to offer you, miles away from ze great city where you danger. Ah, my child-my dear child, there

is one grand plot against you."
"Against me?" The sentence came mechanically from the lips of the girl, 'or she did not believe a single word that came from the lips of the adventurer, one statement alone excepted. He might speak truth when he said that she was many miles away from the city, for since the interview in the tenement-house hours seemed to have passed. The girl little dreamed that thirty minutes would have cov-

ered the entire time. "Yes, my dear child, against you," the Italian repeated. But do not fear; with my life will I protect you. This Mistar Craige, he do a-love you much, but he is like all ze Americans; he love money more. That stage wo-man, ze actress, who did a-come to see you ze other night; she is beautiful, rich; Mistar Craige cannot resist ze tempta ion; to her he is about to be married. He would deceive you, my child; he would not let you know this; he would swear great oaths that he loves you and you alone, and all ze time he would be ze husband of ze other woman; and she is jealous—as jealous as ze tiger cat; she know that while you live her husband will always ove you; she make up her mind that she must kill you; she hire bravoes; they are to watch your steps and some time in ze dark stab you to ze heart. But do not fear, my child—my angel daughter; rest tranquil! your farder will protect you. Here you will be safe; no one can find you, and as soon as you are a-ready, I, your farder, will give you a protector whose very look will make all ze

world stand off." The girl stared at this strange speech; she

neither believed nor understood it. The Italian had only paused to take breath and to note the effect of his speech, and perceiving that the girl, in her bewilderment, did not interpose any objection, he at once fell into the belief that she would be as wax in his

"You are a great heiress, my child," he continued; "ze rogues of lawyers, ze thieves of executors, all would a-rob you; but your farder—that man am I—he stand by and he will not see you robbed. Perhaps you do not believe me, my child, when I say that I am your farder; but it is ze truth. When you a-look into my face does not your heart bound to throw yourself into my arms!"

And as he spoke, the adventurer struck an attitude, and opened his arms, theatrically. But the girl did not rush into them; her heart did not respond; no secret spring of love within her breast was touched by the appeal, and so she merely shook her head.

The Italian was disappointed, but he took it all as a matter of course "Ah, well, in time ze love will come," he said, with a shrug of the shoulders. "You

"Yes, so they say but I do not know it: I do not know anything at all about my birth or parentage." But I know it, my child; I know all as

facts. Look well at me, behold! I am ze farder of ze heir-I am Antonio Vendotena. The girl was surprised at this declaration. for of course she was now well acquainted with the particulars of the life of the wayward son

The man fully answered the description;

but, like all the rest to whom the Italian had declared himself, she was incredulous. Yes, and you, my child, are Francesca Vendotena; you are ze heir to all ze large property; a half a million of dollairs, ha! is that not a fine sum? and part should come to me; it is my right, for am I not my farder's This lawyer-how call you a-him? Leipper-yes! he say he will pay me nothing; but now, my child, I have you; a husband I have provided for you—my noble friend, Colo-nel del Frascati; and when you are married, with me and your husband this cunning lawyer must deal, or else go without ze heir. too, I have another leetle iron in ze fire, and when it gets hot enough, with it I gives this cunning rascal of a lawyer a poke. Listen you to me: I have another child; she is here n New York; she is named Francesca, too; ze will says: to my granddaughter, Francesca Vendotena, it does not say which Francesca. I tell ze second Francesca to call upon ze law-yer and claim her rights. He will be glad to nake terms with me when he finds that there another claimant. Oh, I am Italian born, out I am a match for these American rogues!" The unfortunate girl had listened in horror

erable to such a fate as he had marked out for "Rest tranquil!" the Italian exclaimed. turning to depart, and taking the lantern in his hand; "we will win ze half a million of

to this speech; death would be infinitely pre-

do lairs, after all." "Oh, do not leave me in this dreadful place!" the girl cried, imploringly.
"Do not fear! No one will harm you here. I will hang ze lantern up outside, so that you will have light, and so that no one will get in

to trouble you, my child; I will lock ze door securely." And the Italian at once proceeded to do so. The girl listened to the grating of the key n the lock and the shooting home of the heavy bolts, in silence, but with a despairing heart.

She felt that words were useles (To be continued -commenced in No. 387.)

A STORY is told of a shrewish Scotch woman who tried to wean her husband from the public house by employing her brother to act the part of a ghost and frighten John on his way home. Who are you?" said the gudeman, as the apparition rose before him from behind a bush. "I am auld Nick," was the reply. "Come awa', man," said John, nothing daunted; "gle's

ing the vaults below, all access to which had the proffered arm, although she shuddered at a shake o' your hand; I'm married tae a sister o' vours.

SONG.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

I saw them stand to sever, And "Never!" did she say; And never means forever— Forever and alway.

The bitter self-denial How could she comprehend? And the lifelong, flery trial That follows without end.

For at night she dreams about him, And the morning brings the pain, And the day is sad without him, And she longs to sleep again.

I saw them stand to sever, And "Never!" did she say And never means forever Oh, forever and alway!

The Californians:

Rivals of the Valley of Gold.

A ROMANCE OF FEATHER RIVER. BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

CHAPTER XVI. A FAIR SUPPLIANT.

Through the pass beyond the live-oak tree came a single rider, mounted upon a beautifully-spotted mustang, whose limbs were now stretched out at full speed. Across the level space, over the bloody rifle-trench at a single bound, nor drawing rein until so near that the little group instinctively parted and fell back on either side lest they should be ridden down, she came, pale and breathless as though from a long and hard race against time. Never before had Inex Mendoza looked so gloriously beautiful as when she sprung to the ground and crouched beside the prostrate form of her father, one hand upon his blood-stained breast, the other grasping a brightly-flashing knife.

"He is my father, gentlemen," she uttered, at length, as none of the party seemed inclined to break the silence. "I came for him—we will go away and never trouble you again. I am sorry if he has injured any of you—"

"I hed a father an' four brothers when he fust come on us," interrupted Zabdiel Grey, in a strangely calm tone. "They's only us two, now. We cain't fetch back the dead, but we kin take vengeance on the man as murdered 'ein. Thar he lays. He belongs to us. Nobody kin take him away while we breathe. That is my say-so. An' yere we two stan', ready to make our wordsgood, ag'in' one or ag'in' the hull crowd."

"You will gain no friends by insulting a

crowd,"

"You will gain no friends by insulting a lady," sternly interposed Ned Allen, stepping before Zabdiel Grey. "We can make some allowance for your losses; but are you the only sufferer? Keep your tongue within bounds, or it may run you into trouble. This is not the first time I have had to warn you—"

"Which nobody didn't ax you fer; mind that. You came without axin', an' ef you ain't suited with our ways o' doin' an' talkin', you kin go back the same trail as you come. We ax no help from nobody; nur we don't low nobody to come atween us an' our duty. Now you've got it!"

"He means murder—I can see it in his eyes!" cried the maiden, crouching closer as though she would shield her father with her own life. "Senor, I appeal to you. You look like an honest man. You will not permit my father to be assassinated."

assassinated?"

"I can promise you that," quickly replied Allen. "I am a stranger here, and do not understand all that has passed. But I can promise you justice, in the name of my comrades, as well. Will you trust me?"

The maiden looked full into his eyes, and there read his truth and honesty. She extended her hand, impulsively.

"T will trust you! Only—be merciful as well as just. He is my father—all I have to love on earth."

earth."

Ned Allen bowed without speaking. He did
not dare trust his tongue just then, with those
glorious eyes so near his own, and that warm
clasp upon his hand.

Meanwhile, Jotham Grey had been convers-

ing earnestly with his younger brother, whom he had drawn to one side. Apparently his ar-guments were not without effect, for Zabdiel

graw calmer and more subdued.

Grumbling Dick Barnes, who possessed a slight spattering of surgical knowledge, was busied over the Californian, who was already recovering his senses. There was a long but not very deep knife-wound, slanting across his chest two grazes from pistol-shots, and a severe thest, two grazes from pistol-shots, and a severe bruise upon the head. Loss of blood had weakenel him, but his injuries were by no means dangerous. Half an hour later the wounds were all bandaged as neatly as circumstances would admit. By this time, too, the Californian had heard enough to realize the full force of his situation, and though he appeared but little con-cerned as to the result, there was an occasional of his lip, an uneasy expression in his

half-closed eyes.

During Grumbling Dick's ministrations, Ned Allen had held a consultation with his comrades, in which the two brothers joined. Jotham—for Zabdiel scarcely opened his lips—firmly demanded that the prisoner be put upon trial; that the whole truth be told on both sides, and that it he and his brother should prove their.

that the whole truth be told on both sides, and that, if he and his brother should prove their case, the assassin should be handed over to them for punishment in proportion to his crimes.

Though sorely perplexed—and Ned was honest enough to secretly admit that the case would have been far less complicated had Inez not appeared, or even if she had been less dazzlingly beautiful—Allen could not deny that the brothers had a right to demand this trial, and admitted as much. After that the preliminaries were quickly completed. Dick Barnes pronounced his patient fully able to stand his trial, and as no man could fell what another hour might bring forth, it was decided to lose no might bring forth, it was decided to lose no But first," said Allen, setting the example

"But first," said Allen, setting the example by removing the weapons from his belt, and laying them at a little distance upon the ground. "Let every man do as I do. There have been hard words between us already, and there may be more before all is done. To save trouble let us remove all temptation."

Only Zabdiel made any objections, but a whispered word from Jotham subdued the young savage, and he quietly deposited his pistols, knife and rifle beside the other weapons.

Supported by his daughter, the Californian entered the little circle. In consideration of his weakness, he was permitted to rest himself upon a wooden bucket produced from the wagon for that purpose. Beside him stood his daughter, pale and anxious.

At a motion from Allen, Jotham Grey stepped forward and tersely narrated what had occurred from the moment of their entering the valley. He made no comments, attempted no rhetoric,

He made no comments, attempted no rhetoric, but simply and strongly stated his case, then drew aside, after repeating his charge of deliberate and unprovoked murder against the prisers.

oner.

But Zabdiel was not satisfied with this tame speech. He flung aside the restraining hand of his brother and confronted Allen.

"I've got jest one word to say. We kem here to look fer gold, jest as thousands o' others did. We found it by a accident. That man come an'swore it war his, an' talked to us like dogs. God made the gold free to all who could find it. We told him so, an' he rid away. What next? He steals upon us in the night. My brother war talkin' with his wife that war to be. He never gaye us warnin', but up an' shot him like a dog, talkin' with his wife that war to be. He never gave us warnin', but up an' shot him like a dog; firm the dark! Ef that ain't murder, then I'm ready to 'cept his 'pology,' from the dark! Ef that ain't murder, then I'm affect have asspected how hard as super a dusky figure was leaning against a bowlder. "He is not dead yet?" where a dusky figure was leaning against a bowlder. "He soon will be, then," said Gospel George, in a voice that sounded strangely cold and stern after his rollicking talk, as he strode forward take his chances. But t'other war murder—

black, foul murder! An' it calls for blood! Thar! I've said my say, an' I feel easier now."

"What have you to say in reply to these charges?" asked Allen of the Californian.

Don Betevan promptly arose, returning Zabdiels look of hatred with a scornful smile.

"I had intended to keep slient," spoke the Californian in a cold, even tone; "but in justice to myself I must speak a few words—not to answer those men, but to set myself right with you gentlemen. I have been accused of playing the part of a midnight assassin. That assertion I brand as a lie. On that night I was at home, in my own house, as my daughter here can testify. What I have done I am ready to admit. This land—as far as the eye can reach—is my property, purchased by my father and be used to do so by those whom I can meet upon asked to do so by those whom I can meet upon asked to do so by those whom I can meet upon equal terms. I warned these persons. They laughed at me. I gave them time—four and leughed leug queathed to me at his death. I can produce the original paper, can prove my identity—when asked to do so by those whom I can meet upon equal terms. I warned these persons. They laughed at me. I gave them time—four and twenty hours. Then I visited them here, and repeated the warning. Again they refused, and persisted in trespassing. Then I treated them as such. Only for you, gentlemen, I would have made my threats good. The rest you know. But, one word. You have espoused their cause, and made their quarrel yours. Now I warn you. This is my land. Go seek your gold elsewhere. You shall never succeed here. I have sworn it."

There was a momentary silence as the Californian ceased speaking, and which was broken by Inez, who earnestly corroborated the words of her father. He had been with her at the very time the murder was said to have been

Allen whispered for a few moments with Har-ry Lane, who sat beside him, then stepped for-

There has been but one charge of murder, and I consider that the prisoner has shown him-self wholly innocent of that crime. There has been much blood shed since, but all in fair fight, where life was pitted against life. I have lost five dear friends, and though I mourn their fate, live dear friends, and though I mourn their fate, I do not consider they were murdered. I move, then, that we allow this man to go free—on one condition. Let him pledge himself to make no further trouble, to leave us in peace to depart or remain as we choose, to restrain his followers from molesting us. We will be satisfied with his word of honor to observe these conditions sacredly. Have I spoken your thoughts, friends?"

Five men promptly responded ay, but the two brothers were sullenly silent. Their own words had even turned against them since they had acknowledged that only Eben had been assassinated. Then a stern glance of pleasure shot athwart their faces as the Californian spoke.

"You mean well, senor, but I decline to give that pledge. As long as I live, I will stand up for my rights. I have spoken. Now work your will."

Wait!" said Inez as Allen was about to ak. "I will try and convince him that he is vronz. Give me one chance to save him-I im-

lore you, upon my knees—see!"
Allen made a gesture of assent. He could not Gently Inez led her father aside, and then

whispered rapidly in his ear. From beneath his long lashes the Californian shot a swift glance around. The spotted mustang whickered joyously and trotted up to its mistress. Had she made a signal, perceptible to it alone? If so, it

promptly obeyed.
Zabdiel and Joham, with cries of suspicion, started forward. But they were too late. As adroitly as though never injured, Don Estevan sprung into the saddle and galloped swiftly away, with a shrill, mocking laugh.
Inez flung herself at full length across the pile of weapons, digging her fingers deep into the earth, the better to resist the angry grasp of the brothers. And it seemed as though she would succeed in her desperate plan, for the fugitive reached the live-oak tree ere she could be removed. But then—horse and rider fell heavily together, as a sharp report rung out from the ogether, as a sharp report rung out from the

> CHAPTER XVII. THE PRICE OF LIBERTY.

GOSPEL GEORGE was like one stunned, stupefied, when his closest search failed to discover any trace of his hated enemy, Fiery Fred. He had seen the man fall at the report of his pistol, and had such implicit faith in his hand and eye that he gave his undivided attention to the remaining Night Riders. And yet, surely he would have noticed the outlaw chieftain had he fled with his surviving bandits. It was an enigma to him, and came upon him like a thunder-clap, for the moment completely unnerving him. But this was of brief duration. His indomita-ble spirit reasserted itself. There was yet a chance. The outlaw surely was hurt—perhaps everely.

With this hope growing in his heart and obliterating all other considerations, Gospel George struck off along the trail followed by the maority of the fugitives. Despite his almost fran-ic energy, the old man was not working blind-y nor at random. He reasoned that Fiery Fred y nor at random. He reasoned that Fiery Fred would make the best of his way to his mountain retreat, where he could laugh at his enemies, with as little loss of time as possible, and of course would take the nearest practicable route. Taking a wide circuit, Gospel George closely Taking a wide circuit, Gospel George closely scrutinized the ground, carefully measuring every track; and finally his search was rewarded. The black frown deepened upon his face as he followed the trail for several hundred yards. The regularity of the footsteps, the length of stride, spoke only too plainly to his eyes. He knew that Fiery Fred had escaped the fight almost if not quite unscathed.

"The devil stan's by his own, but will it allays be so? No, I cain't believe that; ef I did, I'd die cussin' heaven an' airth an' all thar is in them. My time'll come soon. It must! I'm

them. My time 'll come soon. It must! I'm on his trail an' I'll never leave it ag'in ontel it comes to a flat eend fer the one or both on us. Don't be onessy, old man. I'm a-comin', never fear! Ef I turn my back fer a minnit, it's ondly

ogit a better ready."

He looked to his weapons, and found that only the little revolver taken from Paquita remained coaded. He had no other ammunition, no food, nothing in which to carry water. It would be rank folly for him to start along the trail so poorly provided for its vicissitudes, and, though reluctantly, he retraced his steps toward the camp beside the lake.

While still within the line of bushes he sud-

denly halted. He could see the little group be-side the trench. He saw the Californian leap upon the mustang; saw the intrepid action of the young woman, and from the excited cries and gestures of the gold-hunters, had little difficulty in riddling the whole affair. Though ig-norant of the prisoner's identity, he resolved to frustrate the attempted escape, and without oving from his tracks he awaited the fugi-

Not twenty paces separated them when Gospel George raised his pistol and fired. Pierced through the brain, the spotted mustang plunged headlong to the ground, casting its rider violently from the saddle. Gospel George bounded catilite to his side, but his haste was unnecessary. For Estatus lay stunged and senseless sary; Don Estevan lay stunned and senseless. He had been looking back over his shoulder, with a scornful laugh at his outwitted enemies, with a scornful laugh at his outwitted enemies, when the ambushed shot was fired, else so practiced a horseman would have escaped the fall easier. Satisfied that he was not seriously injured, Gospel George rose erect and beckoned to the astonished prospecters, with a loud cry.

The two brothers reached him first, and their outspoken, ferocious joy was in broad contrast to the uneasy silence of Ned Allen. Had the tothe uneasy silence of Ned Allen. Had the conened his whole heart, his comrades easier. Satisfied that he was not seriously injured, Gospel George rose erect and beckoned to the astonished prospecters, with a loud cry.

The two brothers reached him first, and their outspoken, ferocious joy was in broad contrast to the uneasy silence of Ned Allen. Had the latter opened his whole heart, his comrades would have been not a little astonished.

"They's your meat, gentlemen, ef you want.

"Thar's your meat, gentlemen, ef you want anythin' of him. Ef I didn't do right in stop-

"I kin explain anythin' short of a woman," coolly responded Gospel George, as he followed the little party on to camp.

Inez, trembling like a leaf, met them half-way, sobbing pitifully over her parent, whom she believed dead. Allen sought to comfort her, but with little success until the rivel extern but with little success, until the rude restora-tives—whisky and cold water from the lake— freely used by Grumbling Dick, restored the

Californian's senses.

The sudden and unexpected reverse, when he felt freedom in his very grasp, was not without its effect upon Don Estevan, and his proud spirit was perceptibly shaken. Ned Allen wisely left him alone with Inez, after she had been disarmed and his limbs bound, believing that her entractics would have more effect upon him than treaties would have more effect upon him than

treaties would have more effect upon him than my threats.

Meanwhile Gospel George, if not accused, had rather sharply been requested to explain his part in the recent night's work when the prospecters were left afoot in the mountains, and as to his movements since. He met the queries in good part, feeling that, considering all circumstances, the prospecters had fair cause for suspecting him to have been in league with the horse-thief. In his own peculiar style, he gave his explanation, yet with a clearness and candor that carried conviction to the hearts of his hearers. He recalled his suspicions of the pretended ers. He recalled his suspicions of the pretended Sorrel-top, of his secret watch and of what followed. Of his following the trail, of the ambush, the capture, his vain attempt at escape, of the interview with Fiery Fred and all that ensued, concealing nothing save his own mis

"An" now you've got the hull re-cord," he added, quietly. "I follered them here. I saw somebody—I didn't know 'twar you fellers until somebody—I didn't know 'twar you fellers until
it was all over—was in a pesky tight box, an' so
I jest sailed in fer all that was out. I reckon l
killed nigh a hunderd o' the imps afore they
puckacheed. I'd 'a' wiped out the hull lot, only
I didn't like to act the hog. They skeedaddled,
an' so did I—fer the hoss-critters. Yonder they
be; fa'r-lookin' animiles, too. Ef you fellers
like, they're your'n. Turn about's fa'r play;
Fiery Fred tuck your mules; now you kin take ry Fred tuck your mules; now you kin take

But you captured them-"But you captured them—"
"An' I give 'em to you fellers, fer thinkin' me a hoss-thief an' ornary dead-beat besides," grinned Gospel George. "Ef they was mules, now! No, boys; thar they stan'. Take 'em or leave 'em; I don't keer a bu'sted cap either way. They's only one four-legged critter fer me—an' that's Roxy Ann! Ef I cain't git her, I don't want no other. I'm goin' to hev her, gentlemen, ur bu'st somethin' wide open—you hear me"

At this moment Inez left her parent's side and slowly, timidly approached Ned Allen. It was with evident difficulty that she spoke:

"You offered him—my father, senor—you offered him terms, which he refused. He sees clearer now, and would accept, if he could be

'I am very glad, for your sake, lady," hastily uttered Ned, and he managed to squeeze her little paw, with a good deal of feeling. "God knows, there has been enough bloodshed already; and if he will pledge us his sacred beaver."

honor—"
"Just wait one minnit, stranger," bluntly interrupted Zabdiel Grey. "I want you an' the hull crowd to hear a few words I've got to say to the—the pris'ner, afore he binds hisself to anythin'. "Twon't take long."

The young savage turned and strode to the Californian's side, standing in silence until the others gathered around. Then, in a low, passionless voice, he spoke:

sionless voice, he spoke:

"I ax your pardon fer callin' you a murderer, a bit sence. You're a whiter man than I
thought you. But thar's blood on your han's.
My father an' two o' my brothers is dead—an
one man is a-dyin'. Only fer you they would
all be alive now. I'm only a boy, but I give
you this warnin'. After this hour, to-morrow, The outlaw surely was hurt—perhaps
He might still be overtaken ere he ch his retreat.

In his retreat.

In his retreat is hope growing in his heart and oblitule of along the trail followed by the matter of the fugitives.

There was yet a you this warmin. After this hour, to-morrow, look out fer yourself. I'm goin' fer yer skelp.

An' when I take the trail, the one or t'other o' us two hev got to die, afore I know rest or peace. Look at me well, an' b'ar my words in mind. This airth ain't big enough fer us both. You must kill me or I'll kill you, sure es thar's a God in Heaven!"

There was a brief silence as the young man There was a brief silence as the young man who had proclaimed himself the avenger of the dead, turned away. Then the Californian spoke. He pledged his sacred honor not to molest the gold-hunters in any way, shape or form, nor to allow any of his followers to injure them. And as he ended, he nodded to Inez. She produced a small cross from her bosom and held it to his lips.

Ned Allen stooped and severed his bonds, as sisting him to arise, saying:

"You are at liberty, senor, to go where you choose. If we cannot ferget the unfortunate past, at least let us keep it from our lips."

He hastened to where the captured horses were still standing, and selected three, releasing them from the rest. Upon one he placed the saddle taken from the spotted mustang. At first the Californian refused the animals, but as he attempted to walk proudly away, he was forced to acknowledge his injuries. Allen as-sisted them both to mount, then sprung upon

the third animal, saying:
"I will ride a little distance with you, senor."
"There is no need," was the rather sharp re-

'Pardon me," persisted Allen. "You are se rely injured. The effort may be too much verely injured. The effort may be too much for you, and then you would need a stronger rm than that of your daughter.

The two rode on in perfect silence, for several miles; then, seeing that Don Estevan bore up quite stoutly. Allen wished them a safe ride and irew rein. When nearly two hundred yards separated them, Inez suddenly wheeled and galoped back to his side, whispering in an agitated 'I must see you again—at this spot, to-mor

Then she galloped rapidly after her father.

CHAPTER XVIII. AN ABRUPT AWAKENING.

The young gold-hunter sat like one in a maze, staring after the rapidly receding figure of the fair rider, scarce venturing to breathe until she, accompanied by her father, disappeared from view around an envious point of rock. And even then it was some little time before his nerves regained their customary steadiness, or the dancing mist cleared from before his eyes, and he could reflect with tolerable calmness

evening, and have returned to his duties at camp without more than a passing thought of admi-ration, and never have suspected how narrowly he had escaped falling in love at first sight, had not Inez returned to his side with the whispered

treat of Fiery Fred and his satellites.

But then came an interruption, sudden, sharp, and startling enough, though for the moment he could scarcely define it. A shock, a scrambling plunge of his horse and then a fall, where, more by instinct than any conscious effort on his part, Ned alighted on his feet, clear of the convulsive plunging of his prostrate steed. A musket-shot seemed ringing in his ears, and there came a hoarse shout of vindictive rage. In the red light of the setting sun he could distanguish several dark figures hastily descending the rock-strewn hill, yelling and gesticulating in a manner that could not be misinterpreted. The truth instantly became plain to his mind. in a manner that could not be misinterpreted. The truth instantly became plain to his mind. He had been watched and ambushed, doubtless by a portion of the band so recently defeated by the gold-hunters. His horse had stepped with one hind foot on a loose stone, slipping and flinging up his head in the vain endeavor to keep from falling. Thus its brain received the leaden missile which would otherwise have claimed a nobler victim

leaden missile which would otherwise have claimed a nobler victim.

In that brief moment the young gold-hunter realized the extremity of his peril, and with a celerity born of it, sprung behind the closest cover, which proved to be a bowlder barely large enough to shield his person. Another instant and his revolver was speaking venomously, and, like magic, the enemy disappeared from view, sinking behind the bowlders lying conveniently near.

The reverberating echoes died away, and in the deathlike silence that ensued, Ned Allen had an opportunity to realize his position, to sum up the chances for and against him. The prospect was not reassuring. The odds were against him, four to one, and they also had the advantage of position. The bowlders and fragments of rock lay thickly around them. It would be mere child's play for them to steal from one to another of these coverts, so quickly that a bead could not be drawn upon them. The men in front could easily preveut the miner from shifting his position, while their comrades could as easily flank him, since twenty-five yards on either hand would expose him fully to their firearms.

arms.
Thus far had Ned Allen summed up the chances, pro and con, when he heard himself hailed from the front in a cool, jeering tone of voice.
"You mought as well come out, young feller. We've got the under-grip onto ye, an' they ain't a mite o' use in kickin'. Throw down you, weepins an' mebbe we'll let you off the easier fer it."
"If you want them so had better.

easier fer it."

"If you want them so bad, better come and take them," retorted Ned, keeping a keen lookout upon first one side and then the other. "I helped to lick you once, and I'm just man enough to do it again on my own hook. Put

enough to do it again on my own hook. Put that in your pipe, stranger!"

"Take your own way, boss. I was jest speakin' fer your own good. Ef you'd ruther be salted down thar like a hog in a pen, good enough; you shall have your wish in jest five minutes. But you fit like a major over yonder, an' I sorter 'lowed you'd ruther go under man-fashion."

"Thank you for nothing!" laughed Allen, though, it must be confessed, he felt anything but hilarious. "I reckon I'll stand the racket where I am."

out hilarious. where I am." His last words were blended with the report His last words were blended with the report of his pistol, as he caught a momentary glimpse of a dark figure among the rocks. But a jeering laugh told him that his bullet had been wasted. And then his shot was echoed back from the other flank.

He felt a stinging shock, and fell backward with an angry cry, clasping both hands over his face. It seemed as though the bullet had seared both his eyeballs, the pain was so intense. Yet, despite this, he heard the wild yells of vinlictive triumph, heard the heavy feet slipping and sliding among the loose slate, and knew that the outlaws were crowding forward to complete their work. Instinctively he arose and mechan-ically groped around for his pistel. But his eyes

He heard a wild, shrill shout, mingling with a rifle-shot; and then what seemed to be the voices of a dozen different men, uttering horrible threats, strung together with oaths and curses, screeches and other outlandish noises,

ough to raise the dead. He brushed one hand across his smarting eyes, and the bloody mist seemed to partially clear away. He caught a glimpse of a tall figure bounding toward him, and drew his knife with the desperation of despair. But the figure halted beyond arm's-length, and exclaimed, admir-

ngly:
"Ef he don't want to fight the old man too,
m a liar! Good Lawd! boy, hain't ye got a
lenty to do ye fer awhile?"

Gospel George!"
'Tain't nobody else, honey! Did ye think I gwine to let ye hev all the fun? Not much jest let ye git a mouthful, an' then I in heavy. Did ye hear any brass band? ded in heavy. reckon them critters thought a hull ctarnal ijiment war comin' to jine in the funeral! I est let myself loose. I lit out right an' left, up in' down, tooth an' toe-nail, an' jest nat'rally thawed up the hull dog-goned outfit—"

"You killed them—"
"Not all. Ef I've got a failin'—an' mind ye, honey, I don't lay claim to bein' parfict—ef I've got a failin', it's that o' bein' too marciful to them what don't desarve it. I jest laid out twenty-three on 'em, booted t'others all round n' sent 'em bug-huntin' fer—ge-thunder! idn't you tell a fellow you was killed! ried, as Allen stumbled over a stone and fell to

e ground.
With wonderful gentleness the rough old unter examined the young man's injuries, with sigh of relief as he found them so trivial. The law's bullet had flattened against the bowlder ehind which Allen was crouching, filling his ace with bits of lead and splinters of rock, stunning him for the moment, but working him no injury beyond a few scratches and a temporary loss of sight. Yet the old man held ongue until he had cleared away the blood dust, and bathed Ned's eyes with water from his canteen.

from his canteen.

"Thar! you'll be all right by mornin'. "Tain't like it was with me, oncet. Was goin' to buy a keg o' powder. Didn't like its looks, much, an' like a fool I stooped down to smell of it. I was mokin' a see-gar, too. That's one time I was fooled, bad. The powder was good—I never see a keg go off quicker'n that did! "Twas nigh a week afore I got the smoke fa'rly outen my a week afore I got the smoke fa'rly outen my

"I don't see—" muttered Allen, still confused, "I don't see—"muttered Allen, still con'used, gazing around him. "You said you killed—"
"Could 'a' done it, honey; don't make no mistakes," interposed Gospel George, reprovingly. "Give all sinners time to 'pent o' thar evil doin's—them's my motto. I jest marked 'em. I made 'em toe a line an' putt a ragged bullet through thar years. That's one o' my secrets. When a critter gits shot thur, they're bound to 'pent; they jest gives all they've got to the poor, an' then goes an' grows up into parsons an' law-

"There is one—look!" cried Allen, pointing to where a dusky figure was leaning against a bowlder. "He is not dead yet!"

NOTES OF THE WEEK. What a change has taken place in base-ball matters in Philadelphia within the past three years. In 1875 it was regarded as a lucky chance to get in a match with the Athletics, as a sure return in gate receipts was invariably the result. But pool-selling and gambling influences have so lowered the standard of professional play in the Quaker city since then, that now the local journals try to draw clubs to Philadelphia by such remarks as this: "Firstclass clubs will find Philadelphia a paying city to visit." This is the regular announcement from county-town co-operative clubs.

The Cincinnati Enquirer thus refers to the Rochester men and their conduct in Cincin-

"Cincinnati people are always glad to welcome gentlemanly ball-players to the city; but when a ciul rides through our streets and insults ladies they should not be encouraged to return. The Rochesters, it is said, conducted themselves very ungentlemanly in passing through the city yesterday to and from the grounds. Such conduct is calculated to injure the national game in the estimation of respectable people, and the managers of the Rochesters should accompany the club or keep them at home."

This tendency to rowdyism on the part of base-ball players—amateurs more than professionals—is a growing evil. With some clubs it has got to be a regular habit to be profane and even obscene in their language in the field; especially is this the case with the gangs who play ball on Sunday.

The Louisville Courier says: Devinney has been abused in round terms by the press of Chicago and St. Louis, particularly the *Tribune* and *Globe-Democrat*, and this abuse has even been extended to some of the Eastern papers, which take the evidence against him on hearsay: but he is, nevertheless, the fairest umpire toward visiting clubs, and more thoroughly posted as to the duties of the position, than any one else in the city.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat, in its report of the Cincinnati-Louisville 7 to 4 game, says: "Devlin was pounded fearfully to-day, and the ouisvilles only hit Mitchell in one inning."

As Dundreary would say, "What deuced nonsense that is, you know." The idea of a pitcher's being "fearfully pounded" in a game n which but one run was earned and only seven base hits made from his pitching. The Louisvilles punished the Cincinnati pitcher for out four base hits, but those hits earned three

runs. It was Mitchell who was badly punished not Devlin. The Louisvilles lost the game by inferior field play. The Rochester Democrat very pointedly says that "off days"—days marked by poor plays in the field—are too generally the result of "off

nights." That's so. McCormick, of Brooklyn-the Buckeye change pitcher—has been engaged for 1878 by the Indianapolis nine. The Indianapolis Senti-

nel says of him: "He is one of the best in the profession, having less base-hits m de off of him to the game than any other man that fills the position. Besides being an excellent ball-player, he is a gentleman, and that is what the Indianapolis club needs just at pre-

The Pittsburg Despatch of Sept. 15th says: "Jack Hatfield, who has been selling pools since the tournament began, at the St. Clair Hotel, left last evening for New York, leaving behind him, however, enough money to pay all the tickets out. It was asserted that he went there for the purpose of hedging heavily on the Indianapolis club in to-day's game. The regular gamblers have been left on every game thus far, and they say that an inside ring have set the whole business up and knew how each game would terminate before it was played."

Where there is pool-selling in direct connects.

Where there is pool-selling in direct connec tion with a professional ball-ground, there will

be crooked play. Those papers which, in their base-ball reports, are perpetually abusing players or um-pires or some rival writer, should bear in mind the words of the old song:

"Pray, Goody, please to moderate
The rancor of your tongue;
Where'er you find the judgment weak
The prejudice is strong." A special dispatch to the Boston Globe of

Sept. 15th, says: Bangor, Me., September 14.—From 3,000 to 4,000 interested spectators assembled at the City Common this afternoon to witness the first game of base-ball ever played in this city, the contestants being the Augustas, of Augusta, and a picked nine from this city. Cutler's pitching was very effective, not giving the Augustas a base-hit until the last inning, up to which time the score stood 15 to 0.

The Bostons should drop in upon the Bangor There was very strong suspicion of crooked play in the recent Pittsburg tourney.

of the local journals, in a lengthy article on the subject, says: "It is not thought by some that the first three games were 'thrown,' the plan being about this: the first three were to be played honestly, and the last three fixed so that each club should come out even at the end of the tourney. Others assert that the whole thing was s t up so as to mislead the gamblers, and thus get odds and coin money. Not by any has it been charged that individual players sold out, but that it was an arrangement among the managers.

managers.
"To learn what the managers had to say about "To learn what the managers had to say about the matter a Leader representative called on Manager Coates at the St. Clair, and together they went to the Seventh avenue to see the others. Messrs, Ryder and Mack both indignantly repudiated any such insinuation as that they had sold out the tournament, or in any way acted dishonorably in the matter. So interested were all the players that they gathered around and listened to the conversation, and indignantly denied having thrown the games, all asserting that they did their best to win all the games played. The managers, to set themselves right on the record, and to squelch all such reports of dishonestly 'throwing' the games of the tournament as charged, accompanied the Leader man to Alderman McKenna's office on Penn street, and swore out the following affidavit:

"State of Pennsylvania, county of Alleghany, city of

"State of Pennsylvania, county of Alleghany, city of Pittsburg, ss. "Before me, an alderman in and for said city, "Before me, an alderman in and for said city, personally appeared P. S. Ryder, president and manager of the Star base-ball club of Syracuse, N. Y., and D. J. McGee, manager of the Indianapolis base-ball club of Indianapolis, and Wm. Coates, manager of the Allegheny base-ball club of Allegheny, who being by me sworn, doth depose and say, each for himself, that in the games played in the ball-grounds in Allegheny, there was no arrangement of any kind made with each other that each club was to win two games in the tournament, and that they never thought of such a thing, and that their respective clubs did all in their power to honestly win the games.

"Sworn and subscribed to this 15th day of Sep-

"B. McKenna, Alderman."



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To Commence in Our Next!

Margoun, the Strange;

Gilbert Grayling's Young Wife.

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With action almost wholly laid in New York City and at "Grayling Grange"-a magnificent estate on Lake Ontario, the author presents equally strange characters, strange incidents and strange situations. The hates of

Two Vengeful Brothers-

the wiles and arts of

A Beautiful Adventuress-

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the antagonists of beauty,

The Blonde and Brunettethe man of noble soul,

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Margoun, the Strange, a Hindoo Prince in disguise, all are unusually strong and effective dramatis personæ, whom the author, in his usual intense narrative style, leads through the mazes of a singularly exciting and powerful life drama. It will be given a hearty welcome.

Sunshine Papers.

Of Something To Do.

beautiful, and the whole house bright and beautiful, if you are persevering and kindhearted. Why, the dining-room, and the sitting-room, and the parlor, and the kitchen-if you have a home containing all these rooms. if not the one room that you have-may be made so like fairy-land, by your kind fingers and a little daily care on your part, that father will grow young again; and mother's sad facwill brighten into constant joyousness; and Biddy will be cross less often when the stove doesn't draw well and the ironing hangs about several days over its wonted time; and the boys will ask their friends to "drop in and spend the evening" instead of always taking up their hats to "go see a fellow" as soon as supper is ended. And this "something," if done with a kindly desire to make home more beautiful, to foil temptation by purifying influences, to give pleasure to the brothers and the sisters, the gentle mother and the careworn father, the invalid friend and the faithful servant, will count for as much, ay, more! before the Eternal Justice, as many a rich

man's alms.

"Of something to do." And how shall you commence? Well, first the woodland, and the rocky, shady bits of roadside, shall help you. Bring home a basket full of roots of ferns, and vines, and all the plants that are small and pretty and grow in wild shady places; and another basket full of the rich black mold that you can dig up in the woods; and another basket full of green mosses. Now go in the garret, and hunt among the rubbish, and see what treasures you can find there. Bring down all the old baskets, and small shallow wooden boxes; and, if you cannot find those, get a wire ox-muzzle, or a deep earthen dish. kets and wire receptacles must be completely and compactly lined with moss, the green side showing through the wicker work. Next fill with mold, and your wild ferns, and plants and vines, and grasses, and finish the top with a layer of moss. Your boxes and earthern dishes need only moss at the top The boxes may be papered, or painted, or cov ered with bits of gay cloth. In deep window seats, where there is not too much sun, or on little old tables (their shabbiness hidden by a cover), or in out-of-the-way corners of the room-upon a bit of board or oilcloth tribute your fern boxes and dishes; they will not need sunshine, only a daily sprinkling, to make them flourish nicely. Baskets may be stood upon an old plate; or baskets and muzzles may be suspended from door or windowframes, in corners, or under arches. Hold a basin under and give them a daily sprinkling

the edges, will grow in a luxuriant, graceful, downward mass, hiding the sides of your window-boxes. A few seeds of alyssum, mignon-ette, nasturtiums and gyposphila, scattered about the edges, will also add to the beauty of your window gardens. If you cannot afford to buy your roots, any friend who has a few flowers will break you off some slips, which

will soon furnish you all the plants you desire. Next you must ornament the centers and the ends of the mantles, the bare spaces on bureaus and buffet, the unoccupied corners of tables the deserted corners in rooms, and the wall brackets. Common flower-pots, tin cans that have been emptied of corn or tomatoes (covered around with flannel), odd pieces of glass or china, or old-fashioned jars, will answer your purpose, now. Fill them with rich earth and a plant in each. Begonias (there are many varieties, and all are lovely, and grow easily and fuchsias make charming ornaments for the center of mantles, or to stand on tables, bureaus, etc., as they need no sun—only considerable water. A petunia on one end of the mantle will droop gracefully downward, while TAKE NOTICE.—In sending money for subscription, by mail, never inclose the currency, except in a registered letter. A Post Office Money Order is the best form of remittance. Losses by mail will be most surely avoided if these directions are followed. ivy quite around any picture that hangs near. A pot of lobelia with its pretty vine and azure flowers will ornament a corner of a parlor table; jars of Wandering Jew or Kenilworth ivy will grow profusely in any lone corner,

and a plant of yellow myrtle set on a bracket will soon droop to the floor. The little wooden wall-peckets that come for holding combs and brushes, sponges, letters, etc., may be lined with bright paper, then insert a tiny tin box, or wooden box, and hung under pictures and planted with vines. effect, against light or white walls, is delightful. A single root of fern, planted in a jar, is extremely pretty on a shelf or bracket. Broken goblets and cups should have a covering crochetted for them, of gay wool, and be suspended from racks, windows, etc., and filled with earth, and ivy, sedum, lobelia, or some such graceful plant. Shells may be suspended in like manner; or shallow ones be planted and used to ornament brackets.

With a few seeds, a few slips of flowers, a few ferns and wild vines and plants, some old boxes, baskets, odds and ends of crockery and glass, and discarded tin cans, a little ingenuity expended in hiding defects with paint or flan-nel covers, plenty of rich mold and water, and a little daily patience and care to cut off faded blooms and dead leaves, and administer water, any home may be made most charming. Who will undertake to do something in the way of winter-gardening? Knowing that it will prove a fountain of perpetual pleasure, and a panacer against many a mental and physical ill, that many a reader may act upon this "something to do," and with glorious results, is one of the best wishes for her friends that can be breathed A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

SHOW AND SENSE.

"THIRTY-FIVE or forty yards of silk are required by a first-class dressmaker for a short street costume." And when the bill is presented to papa won't he be somewhat short in his remarks! Won't it cause him to become short of funds just then and there! I'll wager my week's salary that he'll inwardly wish all "first-class dressmakers" in the Dead Sea. Surely, if a piece of silk will constitute the happiness of womankind she should be thankful when she has forty yards in one dress, but I don't believe she's one whit happier, one bit more contented than a rosy-cheeked lass that lives in the country and whose drass—of calico —cost but ten cents a yard and twelve yards was considered entirely sufficient.

To be sure, she isn't what you'd call" stylish;" she has the singularity to be contented with her lot; she's just odd enough to be willing to help her mother, and she is so "strange" that you cannot get her mind to run on fripperies and "OF something to do?" Yes, of something to fashions. Of course, you who wear those forty do that will make your own room bright and yards of silk wouldn't like her, and if you were to come to see her she'd not envy you one bit. She'd tell you that she had seen more beautiful sights than your fine dresses. She wouldn't miss seeing the sun rise of a summer morning for all the good clothes in the world. Her life is one exemplification of happiness. and it is so full of the good and useful that she causes others to be as happy. While others are at their late balls and parties she is sound asleep to refresh her for her morning duties. 'It is not fashionable to arise early," may be you exclaim. Then why, when there are so many new fashions springing up, cannot some one set the "fashion" or early rising, and see that all who can follow it will do so. We might think more of the glories of nature and less of the amount of goods fashion dictate that we shall carry about us.

But, this amount of cloth requires many hands in the making of it up, and gives work to those in need of it! Yes, truly so; but at what ruinous pay-scarcely enough to keep soul and body together. Many tears have been shed over those very stitches. If these dresse could but speak, how many tales of suffering could they not tell! When the amount of cloth required for our dresses is enlarged, enlarge the amount you pay for the making up of the same. Does the fashionable dressmaker pay her workmen in proportion to the amount she

receives herself? Now let me comment on another. Why do we think every new fashion "charming?" the Dame says we must be cramped into a dress so tight that we can scarcely move, don't we say, and think, "the fashion is splendid and the style most becoming?" And if Dame Fashion puts her veto on tight skirts, and tells us we must be arrayed in flowing, balloon-like garments, don't we turn up our noses at tight clothes and pronounce the opposite style most too sweet for anything?" This Dame Fashion is exacting, arbitrary and oftentimes bold in her demands, and we weak-sometimes silly-creatures appear to be afraid of her and yield to her sway without a murmur. If a woman sets her mind entirely on fashion, and lives for show, certainly she must have enough to do to occupy her attention, but she must have a long purse as well.

Nowadays, one must have a special dress for every day and every season, and there are many persons who wear a party dress but once. I was remarking to a lady friend of mine the other day, that the women of the Revolution were no doubt happier with their two or three garments than we are with our fortyyard silk dresses. She laughed at the idea, called those good women "old-fashioned," and honored and revered by us. Love of country and not fashion was their maxim. They lived to work and not for show. Eve LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Artemus Ward on the Train.

I was on the cars once. It was a good and he got up looking like the likeness of Iscariot more than ever. He needed a new nose of the most improved pattern, and be fifteen dollars, but I needed the other dollar. In the seat behind me sat the venerable Artemus Ward, quietly looking out of the window in hopes of seeing a funeral procession along somewhere that he might try to make himself feel solemn. His wax-figgers were in the baggage car. By-and-by, a sanctimonious-haired colporter came in, took a seat by him, and presented him with a tract. Not to be outdone in politeness Ward presented him with his card.

The tract peddler said he had heard of the ame somewhere. Wasn't he the man who traveled with a circus or a show or something worldly? The same. He shook hands with nim, and asked him how he was getting along. Artemus smiled and said: "At the rate of forty miles an hour."
After this the sedate colporter was confiding

and conversational, and from time to time caught the following:

(Small station.)
ARTEMUS. "This is the place where John
Nixon resides." COLPORTER. "John Nixon? I think I never

heard of the name. Who is he?" WARD. "The gentleman I refer to is shoemaker. You see his sign over on that shanty?"

CoL. "Oh, yes."

COL. "This is pretty fast riding." WARD. Yes, but on a road in Indiana I once rode so fast that you could not see the farms along the road The train cast no shadow because the sun couldn't get a chance to fall on it. I put my band out of the window and the wind took my finger rings off. We were going west from Baldwinsville to Briggs' Station, forty miles distant, and I tell you what's a fact, we got there two minutes before we started by the clock there. Ran over a man on the track, but he never recollected the circumstance, it was so sudden. The towns along the line looked like one city straight along. We went so last, sir, that the present moment seemed to be a week back. The whole train was off the rails more than half the time. Boy fell off hind car, but the suction behind prevented him from falling to the ground unil some one reached out and grabbed him. Oh,

it was a big ride."
Col.. "It was indeed, sir."

Col. "Do you use tobacco.?" WARD. "Oh, yes. Do you wish a chew?" (handing him a plug twist).
Col. "No, no, 1 thank you. I never touch

Col. "Do you ever read instructive tracts?" WARD. "Oh, no. But I have an excellent friend who does,"

COL. "This is a nice-looking town." WARD. "It is indeed. I lectured here last winter. Audience couldn't have been bigger if it had been doubled. Everybody was there and those who couldn't come stayed away Even the landlord was there and was seen to laugh. Everything was thrown upon the stage. Ladies who had nothing to throw threw kisses. Only one thing occurred to mar the occasion; a deacon attempted to swallow everything I said and was choked. They carried him out on a settee. When I got through they had me deliver the lecture over again, and every one said they got more time

Col. "What makes them stop here so

money than they ever had got in their lives."

Col. "Indeed!"

WARD. "You see, this is the accommodation train, and we had a temperance lecturer board, and the train will stop here to allow him to fulfill an engagement here, and passengers can save a good deal of time by walking ahead if they are in a hurry. I once rode in a train in Illinois that went so slow they had to make a chalk-mark on the track to tell which way it was going. It is a fact, sir. And as it was dark a man coming up on the track ran against the rear car and nearly killed himself. Why, they had to hire passengers to ride on

COL. "That corn looks bad there."

WARD. "It certainly does. The cobs in the first place were planted too far apart. You see you have got to have your corn-stalks close enough together that they can whisper in each other's ears and chin each other up. That's the way we do in Indiana. When we go to harvest our corn we bump the corn trees and catch the grain as it falls to the ground in large canvas spreads. A very little of our corn will make a bushel. They have manufactories there to make the silk up into dress goods, and a fine article it makes. It is bound to supersede silk-worms. Col. "Well, well. It must be a great coun-

WARD. "Yes, it is very large."

Col. "Are you fond of music, Mr. Ward?" WARD. "I could live on it-with a few variations. Everything turns to music on my ear, and I can bring music out of any thing I touch. I used to play very sweetly on that intricate instrument they call a hotel gong. It was music that had the very best accompaniments. The boarders listened for it with the most intense interest, and often encored it with the clapping of hands. I know of no more stirring musical instrument to put a crowd into ecstasies than the morning gong. course time is the main thing in that kind of music. You want no false time. A little too soon is as bad as a little too late. I know of no musical instrument in all my travels that could move a whole house so completely as a It has a wide range—principally from the cellar to the garret of a six-story house, and its tunes never grow old, and it is always in order. I would give money to hear the melo dious notes of one at the present time. would be music most acceptable. God bless the man who first invented it, and the man

known as the Wandering Jew, introduced about somewhat old-fashioned. They deserve to be away most industriously at the head of Judas Iscariot, and his wife and family egging him on. I was disposed to venture near and inquire the cause of all that popular tumult, when I was informed in short order that the deacon was irritated at having his statue set up for Judas, and I saw that there was quite a

amily resemblance between them, or at least there had been. I gently admonished him to cease, though the admonishment floored him, wed me there, the expenses of the trip would a new eye would not have hurt his appearance very much. He was tenderly led away. show business was extremely lively for awhile, and I did not charge them anything to get out, not a cent. During the row somebody hit Julius Cæsar in the stomach and doubled him up, but we warmed him over and laid him out on a board and straightened him out again until he felt as well as ever. Any one who insults one of my wax-figures to its face insults me, and all international negotiations between us cease on the spot. For Napoleon's sake I have fought more battles than he ever did himself, If they are wax they are not made to be chawed up, in the least. I'm naturally as

peaceable as a mother-in-law, but I don't want

anybody to sit down on me without due notice

according to law.'

Col. "Before I get off here will you not take a few tracts, Mr. Ward?"

WARD. "I will. Thank you. Though when I find that I am in need of any thing of that kind I sit down and write my own. I'd do most anything to oblige you. Good-day. Here the colporter left the train, and Artemus went to fishing for a cinder in his eye.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—There are in Texas 96,000,000 acres of cotton territory; that is some 15,000 square miles; and if the whole were judiciously cultivated, the yield ought to be at least 50,000,000 bales per

-High ritual is on the increase in London. Thirty-nine churches now celebrate daily communion, against 11 last year; 340 have surpliced choirs, against 114; 35 have eucharistic vestments, against 14; 39 display candles on the altar, and since 1867 the use of incense has been extended from three churches to sixteen.

—"The Bashi Bazouks are wild beasts!" ex-claimed the Grand Duke Nicholas, when an en-voy from Mehemet Ali's camp opened nego-tiations with him concerning the treatment of the Bulgarian population. "Oh!" was the re-sponse, "I am not expected to defend them. I always take an escort myself when I must pass through their camp."

—It is stated in the New Northwest that at the battle of Big Hole, Sergeant Wilson, who ap-pears to have been the conspicuous hero among the enlisted men, was shot at by one young buck whom he had passed, laid down his gun, picked up the young red-skin by the ankles, wound him around on a sapling at one swing, and again passed on.

and agam passed on.

—"Fourteen years ago," says the Venango Spectator, "when the oil fever was at its hight, Pithole was the largest and thriftiest of the oil towns. Its post-office delivery was enormous, ranking the third in the State. Last November the borough of Pithole polled only six votes, equally divided between the two parties, and last Monday the survivors of the great oil metropolis of other days petitioned the court for a dissolution of its charter. Such is life."

-His Majesty King Gelele, the King of Da-—His Majesty King Gelele, the King of Dahomey, is said to have jumped for joy when he heard of the loss of the oil he had been induced to pay for his bad treatment of British subjects, and when he heard that the Sirius had broken down and was compelled to return to England, his delight was unbounded. He attributed both these events to "fetish," and beligate the property of working with the sevents of working with the s

white; luster, metallic; laminated; soft; yields to the finger nail; leaves a streak the color of amalgam on the back of looking color of amalgam on the back of looking glasses; it is unchanged by a heat which reduces a Hungarian crucible; is perfectly insoluble in nitric or muriatic acids or any of their combi-nations, and has a specific gravity about equal to that of mispickel.

—The Moffett registering machines have been introduced into nearly all the bar-rooms in Richmond. The price of alcoholic liquors has been advanced five cents and new glasses holding ten per cent. less beer are used. The liquor dealers have abolished the credit system and now do business only on a cash basis. A State official who is known throughout the Commonwealth of Virginia, went into a saloon last Monday and called for a glass of lager. It was delightfully cool and he was about three minutes in swallowing it, after which he wiped his lips with his handkerchief and eyed the bar-keeper suspiciously. "You forgot to turn the crank," said he, quite sternly. "Yes; but you crank, "said he, quite stermy. Tes, but you have forgotten to pay me," was the response. A five-cent piece rung on the counter, the bell sounded, the dial moved and the barkeeper announced that the public debt of Virginia had een reduced half a cent.

—A thousand feet above Lake Tahoe lies Shakspeare Peak, a precipice with a ragged edge. A week ago Sunday six young people set out from the Glenbrook Hotel, on an excursion to the crest of the rocky ledge. They reached the summit in safety, and had a merry time, laughing, singing, flirting. One of the young men challenged Carrie Rice to descend by a narrow and very precipitous path. Being a girl of high courage, she made the venture, in spite of the remonstrances the venture, in spite of the remonstrances of the rest of the party. The couple had not gone far before the girl's foot slipped, and as she had hold of her companion's arm, they rolled together down the precipice about fifteen feet. Here the gentleman struck on a ledge, which formed a rude shelf, but the lady went to the bottom of the abyss—a distance of seventy-five feet. Her companions found her upon a heap of broken stones at the base of the peak, unconscious, dving.

Dare-devil Skobeleff, who blames nobody, but accepts defeat as the "will of God," is the most popular of the Russian heroes. His force was on the extreme left of Schakoffski's division in the first disastrous attack upon Plevna. When his battalion of infantry was under the fire of his battalion of infantry was under the fire of the twelve guns defending that portion of the Turkish line, the soldiers shouted "Charge!" and began rushing forward. Skobeleff ordered a halt; lines were formed with the precision of a dress-parade, and the command was given, "Carry arms!" "Present arms!" When the line was at a "Present," the shells began to fall among them. Skobeleff then asked them if they did not think "they presented a ridiculous spectacle in that position under fire." They replied tacle in that position under fire." They replied that they did. Then he assured them that he would keep them there until the next day unless The iron brackets used for bird-cages will hold them nicely.

Having put graceful bits of woodland all about the house, you can fill other boxes for the window-sills, with such bright flowers as geraniums, fuchsias, pansies, verbenas, coleus, pinks, bouvardias, heliotropes, lantanas, all of which will grow from slips. Petunias, German ivy, sedums, lobelia, yellow myrtle, Kenilworth ivy, money-wort, exalis, and the plant

called those good women "old-fashioned," and the man who first invented it, and t

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Jack Corbin's Adventure;" "A Lesson;" "Our Dead;" "Nell;" "Mariani's Situation;" "Woman Against Woman;" "The Man in the Gray Room;" "The Blue Grass Belle;" "Mark Dane's Hate;" "Vashru's Eye;" "Virginius;" "Octavia;"

Declined: "Sweet Brown Eyes;" "A Gross Proceeding;" "Mercy's Pledge;" "The Old Squaw's Prophecy;" "Hallelujha Jim; "The Broken Race;" "One Evening Dim;" "Little or Much;" "Miss Penwick's Evening at Home."

SHEBOYGAN. The author named never wrote for this paper. We can supply Vol. VIII. of the Jour-

TOUCH ME NOT. We know of no flower of the name. Write to Vick, of Rochester, inclosing stamp

JIM and Joe. It is not polite to bow to a lady without lifting the hat.—Certainly, a young gentleman may call upon a married lady.

ADDIE SPENCER. Crimson, in all its shades, is the favorite for wall paper. Avoid green. Carpet should have crimson the predominating color.

K. K. K. We cannot say how many firms in New York are engaged in the business named. You can write to Jas. Dooley, 104 Fourth avenue, or Philip Morgenstern, 44% Maiden Lane, N. Y. city. They both deal in the goods.

JENNIE. Look into back numbers of the Saturaday Journal for the recipe.—You write very well for one who left school so early. But don't write with a pencil. Practice daily writing with a pen, having some good penman to "set" you a good

HERBERT D. S. asks why Jupiter is mentioned in connection with thunder-storms. Jupiter was supposed by the ancients to have control of the kingdom of heaven, and to hurl thunderbolts when angry; he was represented as sitting upon a golden throne holding a scepter of cypress in one hand and thunderbolts in the other.

GEO. F. There really is no such thing as hot soda. It is soda made hot by infusing it with hot water, in its passage from the fountain. The contrivance is simply to heat the water in a boiler under the fount, by a lamp, and to connect this with the "tap" by a slender pipe—the water being kept constantly at boiling heat.

Sub., Altoona, The old dodge, that only a real "greenhorn" could be fooled by. Keep your money and send the "proposition" to the N. Y. Police. Set it down as a rule without exception, that, where a party asks for an additional sum of money to secure you a "prize" already awarded to you, it is a fraud.

Tomy Travers. Mr. Albert W. Aiken is brother of the late George Aiken. George died about two years ago. Both were very reputable actors and theatrical managers, but Mr. Albert W., we believe, now confines himself wholly to his profession of author. His best work is being done for this paper. His next story is that already announced—"Gold Dan."

OSCEOLA BLOOD. Children born in the United States are "citizens," under the law, no matter who their parents were. Andrew Jackson's mother was just landed from an emigrant ship in Charleston, when he was born of Irish parents, yet he was a citizen, and became President of the United States, although his parents had not been "naturalized" at his birth.

K. M., Milford. No reason whatever why a lady should not canvass at a fair for ook or any article she desires to sell.—We cannot procure you a situation as a bookkeeper. Your only method is to make personal application to those wanting a bookkeeper, cashier, accountant or marker. Your penmanship is excellent for such positions.—The French phrases are the mere names of certain noted places

Double-Barrel Sport. The game laws of New Jersey are very stringent but are not much respected by the Jerseymen, because the enforcement of the laws resting with Jersey justices and constables these officials will not act, unless compelled to. It is there illegal to shoot a quail or pheasant, from January 1st to November 1st—making but fuo months of the year in which the game can be shot. The penalty for each offense is fifteen dollars.

JOE BEAMS. Lake Tahoe is not the highest lake in the world, by any means. It is about 6,000 feet above sea level, while Lake Titicaca in Peru is twice that altitude. Air rarefles as you proceed upward. At the hight of 10,000 feet it is visibly thin and breathing then becomes difficult to many persons. Pike's Peak is 14,330 feet high. Denver City is about 6,000 feet above sea-level. See back number of this paper for the altitude of Western peaks.

England, hisdelight was unbounded. He attributed both these events to "fetish," and believes his powers of working evil upon his enemies are great indeed.

—A mineral has been found in Kern county, Cal., which is puzzling the geologists, no one knowing what to call it. It is opaque; in color in white; luster, metallic; laminated; soft; yields to the finger nail; leaves a streak the color of amalgam on the back of leaving the streak the streak of leaving the

IGNORAMUS. Alexander Hamilton's son Philip was killed by Eacker, in 1801, in a duel at Weehawken, on the very spot where Hamilton fell in the duel with Burr.—States have two capitals because they so prefer, from local considerations—the result of local jealousies.—We do not "indorse" any advertiser, nor are we in any manner responsible for his wares. We know nothing of the article named. Be your own sole judge as to matter.—The quotation given we cannot now give its author.

Samuel Endicott asks: "May a young unmarried man, with perfect propriety, make gifts to his sisters by marriage, and his young lady cousins? If a lady refuses to dance a round dance with one gentleman, at an evening entertainment, must she necessarily refuse all?" You may make any gifts that are in good taste to your cousins and sistersin-law.—No; she may refuse to dance with a gentleman of exceptional manners or morals, and yet dance with a person of whom she approves; but she should try to make all refusals as quietly and courteously as possible. teously as possible.

Miss Sophia R. L. The day for tinted and elaborately-engraved cards and stationery has passed. The late styles are plain, printed in English scrip. Visiting cards are more oblong than square. They come in four graduated sizes. The largest is inscribed with "Mr. a. d Mrs. Blank," the second size simply "Mrs. Blank," the third, for the eldest unmarried daughter, who employs the prefix "Miss," omitting the Christian name after her first season in society. The third and smallest is intended for gentlemen, with the prefix "Mr.," and the name of their club or residence in one corner. They are all in oblong shape. MISS SOPHIA R. L. The day for tinted and ele

They are all in oblong shape.

Manme I. If the eldest brother is old enough to marry it should be his privilege to seek other young ladies' society than your own. He is right in wishing you to "make much" of the younger brother. Sisters commit a serious mistake in slighting "boy loves." Reciprocate freely all his signs of regard. Win his confidence; make such advances as will encourage his reserve to find expression for his fondness for you. Remember, the boy will soon be a man, and therefore is entitled to favor now.—There may be women photographers, but we know of none.—You are not too old to study French. Your age (nineteen) is excellent for study.—If the aunt of the two young ladies will take the same interest in you it will open a very pleasant way for you to do something for yourself. Don't hesitate to express your wishes to your friend.

May Crawford. Stuvvesant, writes: "I am nine-

press your wishes to your friend.

May Crawford, Stuyvesant, writes: "I am nineteen, and have rather regular features, but they are spolled by a thick, sallow, oily skin, together with some pimples and carbuncles. Is there anything, either an outward application or a medicine, which will remove these and render the skin perfectly or parly clear? What will brighten dull gray eyes?" Evidently your system is out of order and you need to treat yourself accordingly. If you are as stout as is necessary for your build, eat just as little as will really satisfy your hunger and maintain your strength. Keep yourself to a strict diet of grain food, brown bread, fruit, especially seedy fruit, and sparing use of nicely-cooked, healthy vegetables. Eat broiled meats, not too well done. Avoid the use of pastry, rich puddings, and all kinds of fats, and gravies, and greasy cookery. Drink milk or water as best agrees with you. Once a month use powdered charcool, a teaspoonful—well mixed in water—three nights, then the same dose of magnesia. This cleanses the blood. Every other night for six weeks you might take a small dose of travax-cum; at the same time wear every night a mask of quilted cotton, wet in cold water, upon the face. Take a brisk walk of a mile or two every day, or an hour of active exercise in the open air, as well as exercise in the house. Nothing else will be needed hour of active exercise in the open air, as well as exercise in the house. Nothing else will be needed to brighten your eyes. If this course of treatment fails, after two months' patient trial, to improve your complexion, write us again and we will give you directions for still another attempt to improve your looks.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next

"GOOD-BY."

BY MRS. ADDIE D. ROLLSTON

I spoke it low, with trembling lips
And heart that pulsed with bitter pain,
For well I knew the rosy past
Would never live for me again;
For with that little word, "good-by,"
Died every golden, sunit dream
That hitherto had made my life
A radiant path of blossoms seem.

I could not chide thee for neglect,
Nor deem thee false, when well I knew
No warmer feeling stirred thy heart
Than friendship's passion, calm and true;
And yet a nameless, bitter pain—
A longing vague for something more
Than friendly vows and pledges sweet
When all my skies a shadow wore—

Came to me then, and so I spoke,
With bitterness and dreary pain
Remembering that hope's sweet flower
Would never bloom for me again.
Good-by! good-by!" I said it o'er
And kissed again the smiling face,
Upon whose dimpled softness grief
As yet had left no blighting trace.

The dreary days but mock me now;
No bright hopes come with budding spring;
No rosy flowers of summer bloom,
And to my life their f agrance bring.
For over olden joys and dreams
Dark shadows of remembrance lie,
Since with the bitterness of death
I spoke the sad, sad word, "good-by."

The Guard Over the Wedding-Ring

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A DELICIOUS August day was throbbing to its close—a day that had been royal in its exquisite beauty of golden sunshine and fresh western winds, its tropical voluptuousness of warmth that was so perfectly enjoyable.

It had been just such a day as suited the passionate, eager soul of Meta Blanchard, fair, beautiful Meta Blanchard, with her dreamy dark eyes that, lately had reflected no dreams that were blessed or hopeful or happy, for the time had come and gone, when for her, content should crown her as it had crowned her in those by and gone days when Ernest Warwick had been her lord and master. They had been right royal lovers. They suited each other to the finest fibers of their impetuous, passionful, capable natures; they had loved and trusted and looked eagerly forward to a life together which no foreboding of clouds or even the shadows of clouds darkened; Meta had worn the ring he had given her as the seal of their betrothal, placed on her dainty finger between warm, eager kisses -as proudly as a queen wears her coroneteverything had pointed to such perfection of happiness, spiritual, physical, temporal, that even before there came the blackness of darkness between them, Meta often used to wonder, tremblingly, if mortals could endure such sweet joy as was hers, past, present, and fu-

But, the blackness of darkness came. Some unlucky business complications plunged Meta's father into irredeemable poverty, and some equally unfortunate freaks of fate disclosed the fact to an inside few that he had been deliberately living a life of cheating and trickery and fraud which, if made widely public, would not only bring him and his family into horrible disgrace and contempt, but consign him to the cell of a prison for perhaps the rest of his natu-

Then followed dreadful days for the Blanchard family—days when there seemed no choice for him who had worked such desolation but to blow his brains out, and leave his wife and daughter to shift as they could. when every conceivable horror stared them in the face; days when the most desperate efforts were being frantically made by Mr. Blanchard's colleagues in roguery to escape from the consequences of their evil-doing.

And then, Mark Penwyn came frankly, boldly, courteously to Meta, and told her what he had to say

"I am rich, Miss Blanchard-it will not even embarrass me to set your father straight with the bank. I am sufficiently influential to keep the unfortunate matter quiet-I will do both, and your family can go on again in your accustomed luxury of living, provided you will marry me. I admire you more than any woman I ever saw or knew. My name and position and family are irreproachable. Will you trust yourself to me?"

And, although the awful suddenness of it fairly took the girl's breath, the equally sudden way of escape he offered, could not possibly have failed to strongly impress her.

Then came such urgings, such wild, beseeching importunities from her father and mother. Then came such terrible temptations, and des perate conflicts with her absorbing passion for Ernest Warwick-oh, such terrible days that followed, when, one time she would declare that no combination of circumstances was ca pable of wrenching her soul from the man she loved; times when she would cry and moan and stumble in the darkness of spiritual danger that ingulfed her.

Then, worn out mentally, exhausted physically, until even the power to suffer and resist was gone utterly from her, Meta consented to wreck her own bright young life, sacrifice her own bright young self.

And she wrote to her lover a weary, hope less note, only telling him it must all be over between them-rather telling him it was already ended between them, because she had promised to be Mark Penwyn's wife, and his diamond slave-circlet was scintillating on her finger as she wrote her death-warrant

After that, she never heard a syllable from Mr. Warwick. He did not as much as protest against her letter. He did not as much as give way to anger, or passion, or regret—to her, but she heard afterward—when she had been Mark Penwyn's wife nearly three months, and the wheels of her life outwardly ran in velvetlined grooves, and her parents were again in the full flush and swing of the prosperity and luxury they loved better than truth or honor - prosperity and luxury for which they had not hesitated to sacrifice their child-it was at this time, a year previous to the time which we choose out of Meta's history to open our recital of her romance, that some one told her that Ernest Warwick had gone abroad with a look in his blue eyes, and an expression on his fair blonde face, and a tenseness about his handsome, haughty mouth, that was not good to see; a look that betokened the havoc, the recklessness, the mad desperation of the soul from whom the cup had been so cruelly, sharply snatched at almost the lifting of its overflowing brim to his eager, waiting, smiling

That had been long ago; Meta Penwyn had graced the magnificent home her husband had brought her to right royally. Her beauty, her hauteur, her cold graciousness, her unfailing courtesy of high breeding, her accomplishments, were enough separately or combined to her husband proud of her; and he never tired of heaping upon her all the costly elegances and extravagances that he knew she

He was a model of gentlemanly considera-

tion and patient, forbearing kindness, and un- knew that he had come was his voice in her obtrusive, delicate devotion. He neveriforgot how he had won her, and in her heart Meta blessed him for his conduct to her, while she never failed an iota in her duty to him, or reminded him by word or look or act that she only endured her life.

I say she reminded him by no word or look I say she was always prompt in her duties, always the courteous lady, the hospitable hostess; but Mark Penwyn read aright the sickening weariness that underlied it all; he perfectly appreciated the fact that he had married a woman of marble, a woman whose heart was seared and withered, a woman whose inner life was a pitiful hopelessness.

So many women could have loved him. He was not much older than Meta—he was yet among the thirties. He was a gentleman of fine culture, and sweet disposition, except for a certain pride that sometimes made him seem a little hard. He never had been a demonstrative man, but he had a great, loving soul, and, above all, a tender, unobtrusive, delicate devotion that sometimes, despite herself,

touched Meta. And he loved her. That comprised it all. That tells all the story. While she—sitting out under the wide-spreading shade of a huge linden tree, that stood on the very brow of a hill that delicious August evening, was wondering how much longer the heart-sick yearn-ing for what she had deliberately put away from her would consume her.

It might have been because of the appealing beauty of the day, with its gorgeous sunsetting, and the soft murmuring of the wind as it freshened with foretaste of slumberous autumn days coming; it might have been the unconscious influence upon her of that which was to follow so shortly; but, whatever the cause, Meta was experiencing a heart-sick, unendurable yearning for a sight of Ernest Warwick's face, a sound of his voice, a touch of his hand. "My love! My lost love! My murdered

Her fair white hands went up to her face to cover its pale pain, to hide the passionate eagerness in her eyes that were starving for the sight of a face that was not her husband's. Then, with great dumb cries in her heart that corresponded with the mute anguish on her lovely mouth, she slowly took up her book she had brought to read, "Mildred" it was, poor, suffering Mildred, whom Meta thought was so like herself in her capacity for loving and agon zing—and returned to the house to meet Mr. Penwyn on the lawn, calm, courteous, undemonstrative as ever, but with a fire of idola trous admiration and love glowing under that

quiet exterior. "I should have walked down to your favor ite haunt for you, Meta, if you had not come as you did. Is it not a perfect summer-day And how charmingly cool it will be for your ruests to-night.

Her guests! She had positively forgotten there was to be company, and gayety, and music, and dancing that night, and she would have to dress, and move among them, and smile, and speak pleasant words as usual.

The prospect almost appalled her for a moment. Then, the same customary apathy came to her aid.

"I had quite forgotten it was Thursday, Yes, it promises a pleasant evening. She made a move to enter the house; Mr. Penwyn did not offer to detain her, but there eame that hurt, pained look in his kindly eyes that was often there nowadays.

You will find a letter awaiting you in your room. Edson said there was one in the mail, and he sent it up. You look tired, dear.

She smiled faintly. "I think I am. I believe I will rest the half-hour before dinner if you will excuse me."
Of course he excused her, and she went upwearily, to sudden! galvanize into wild-eyed excitement and al nost uncontrollable eagerness when she caught sight of a letter lying on her toilet-table, addressed to her in Ernest Warwick's handwriting—a letter her trembling hands could scarce

ly open, so did it shake her to her very soul's It was brief, terse, but Ernest Warwick all over. It was dated from the hotel a half-mile from Penwyn Place, and the date was four nours' old, and the contents were, word for

"Somebody says you receive your friends to night. I am coming. For God's sake, don't refuse

word:

That was all. No address, no superscription. That was all—wild, passionate, masterful, yet

It ought to have warned this wife of Mark Penwyn, from its very passionate masterfulness, by the throbbing thrills of mad ecstasy that made the blood surge in hot tides through her veins, she should have been warned that a chasm was yawning at her very feet, that there was imminent danger ahead.

But the past months had been too terribly desolate—the future was too utterly hopeless the present afforded too rapturous ecstasy for this woman to resist the temptation to him once more, to touch the only hands that ever thrilled her; and, beside, how could she prevent his coming?

Already there sprung up specious reasoning and ready argument. How, she asked herself, was she to prevent his coming, unless she sent servant, armed with authority, forbidding him the house?

Of course he must come—as any other guest. but by the shining light in her eyes, by the pink flushes on her face, by the look quivered on her sweet mouth, you would have known Ernest Warwick would not come as any other guest.

She dressed herself exquisitely that night. and marveled herself at the glorious creation she was, with her dark eyes shining, her splendid face all irradiated with an excitement of hope and joy that had been so long, so pitifully a stranger; with her lustrous hair arranged in a graceful coiffure that suited so well her classic head; with her white lace dress, where pearls gleamed more whitely still and whose purity was not marred by a hint of daintiest color or glow of gold. In her shiny dark hair was a delicate white drooping flower. with no leaf to break its waxen fairness, and at her belt a similar spray.

Her husband had looked at her in silent. worshiping wonderment. He had never seen wondrously fair, so enchantingly radiant; but he did not know the wherefore and the why.

Early in the evening there was quiet entertainment. Later, the music flashed out inspiriting dance-music, and everything was in the full swing of enjoyment and perfect success when Mr. Warwick came and found her where, of all places, it were best he had not found her-alone in the dusk and fragrance of the immense conservatory, where fountains played and flashed, and flowers bloomed in

sweet, sensual fragrance. Meta had not arranged it so. She had gone thither for a moment's rest, and the first she ears, his arms around her.

"Meta! Meta! Meta!" It was so exultant, so jubilant, it was so sudden, his caress, that she had hardly time to

turn and free herself-instinct with woman's impulse of sacredness.

'Mr. Warwick! You-" She could not say another word. The sight of him so filled her with mad ecstasy, with sudden strange realization of the fact as she never had realized it before—that she, the wife of one man, had left all her heart in the keeping of another, with almost fear at the power she felt at his presence, his influenceall these thoughts and sensations thronged over her, depriving her of speech, almost of action. as he stood there, smiling in her face—smiling,

yet desperately, almost hopelessly.

"Oh, Meta! My darling! Yes, you are my very own, as much as ever you was—I don't care for whose name you bear, for who pretends to own you! My Meta—you are not going to send me away empty, hungry? For all these months I have only endured life without you—despair has made me what you may call reckless, what I call determinate, resolved -for I am come, my love, my love, to plead my cause with you, and pray you to go with me, to happiness and forgetfulness of the past dark days-to happiness with me, dear, happiness with you and I together."

They were the same caressing, masterful tones that in other days had made her thrill with delight and pride and worshiping love. The same beloved voice, tempting her, and she in all the panoply of weakness, she, shorn of her strength by all those days of longing and weariness unutterable.

The fountain plashed softly. The crystal drops played high in the fragrant, dusky air, and rippled, a trickling cascade, over shining shells, and trailing vines, and laughing-eyed star-flowers, into the still, dark basin below where water-lilies with folded waxen petals lumbered on broad green leaves like a baby

on its mother's breast Lights mellowly burned in their globes. Faint sounds of music came from the dancing aloon, a ravishing, sensuous waltz that swayed her soul as it inspired twinkling feet. Every accessory appealed to this woman's lover nature; and beside her, looking down on her bowed head, eagerly reading every expression of her mobile countenance, Ernest Warwick stood, his eyes burning, his handsome mouth miling, his heart thrilling for love of her.

And Meta? Mark Penwyn's wife? The beautiful woman her husband loved to idola try, whom he trusted and honored to the ut-

She stood still, leaning her cold trembling ands against the bronze rim of the fountain listening to the sweet, sweet tones; thinking in a mad, wild joy, what bliss he offered her wondering, in a vague way, if it was she, she, who heard such words, who had such speech spoken to her—asking herself if this, this were the end of it all, that she should be called upon to choose between dreary, honorable enduring

A little indignant cry, the outburst of womanly purity and principle, came passionately from her lips.

"You must not speak so to me! It is terriole-terrible! It is-He grasped her hands forcibly in his, and

ompelled her glance by the power of his own. "' Terrible'-that I love you, when once you swore that all of heaven was centered in my love for you, yours for me? 'Terrible,' my darling, that I want you for my own, that I come to release you from a bondage cruel as death in life? "Terrible," Meta?"

He was so quietly exultant in, and so gracefully confident of, himself—and her! It frightened her.

"I must go-I must! I am afraid some one He would have put his arms around her-

only, she suddenly shrunk away, this woman who, an hour ago, had been in a fever of excitement and wild exuberance of passion at the prospect ahead of seeing him. He would have snatched her in his eager arms, and kissed her n riotous imploration, only, that, seeing what he felt, what he meant-Mark Penwyn's name came almost involuntarily to her lips-Mark Penwyn, who, after all, was her friend and protector, and-husband; who, after all, was greater, grander, nobler than this handsome.

And as Meta called his name—her husband's name—alarmedly, helplessly, Ernest Warwick knew, as by a revealing light from heaven. what it all meant. How, stronger, better, brayer than he, although woman, Meta had stood true to herself and had saved him from that which in cooler moments he would have epented in sackcloth and ashes

He was not a thoroughly bad man. There was nobility and and conscience in him, and it aprose at the piteous, startling cry in Meta's

'Hush," he said, hoarsely, "don't call upon him to protect you from me! My God-what must you think of me?"

"I can forgive it all-only go-go-go! Go right away-And Ernest Warwick instantly obeyed her -who, in her strength born of weakness, had

peen victor over two human souls! A year later, when life was flowing on very eacefully in Meta Penwyn's home, and her first babe lay on her breast, her husband came to her, one sweet, peaceful autumn afternoon with a tiny casket in his hand that he opened

as he sat down beside her couch. "Meta, my wife, one evening last summe when you and Mr. Warwick were together in the conservatory, I overheard the entire conversation, and was a witness to your fidelity and womanliness. My darling-you did not know then I knew it all; you never knew I dated the commencement of our content from that hour—that from then, out of the solemn knowledge of that time, out of the peril of that time, out of its grand triumph, there grew God's blessing in turning your heart more and more to me. And, Meta, to-day this has come to me, for you-this exquisite pearl ring, with a long letter from Ernest Warwick, written on his dying bed, asking me if you may wear it as a guard over your wedding-ring, as a gift from him in commemoration of the time when you saved him from such terrible temptation. Meta with the letter is the announcement of his death. Dear, will you wear it, as a gift from the grave, and yet a symbol of your hap-

piness and mine?" And reverently enough Mark Penwyn placed the delicate gem on the fair finger; and while that she breathed yet. Meta's sweet eyes filled with tears, her lips smiled as she lifted them toward her husband's

"God has been so good to me--so much better than I deserve! And, Mark, I am not worthy of you!"

He kissed her, and laid the pearl-guarded wedding-ring finger on their baby's soft white PRESENTIMENT.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

Ah! many a weary day My love was far away; And always, when night came, (Oh, lovers hearts are light!) I used to breathe his name, And whisper soft, "Good-night."

Yet once-I know not why-There came a night when I— could not speak his name; But only wept instead: and when the morning came, I heard that he was dead

The Bitter Secret;

THE HEART OF GOLD

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER XVII.

A FIEND AT THE COUCH.

THE twenty-four hours which we have described indicate the history of forty-eight more; during which the hapless Monica was abandoned in the unknown wilderness.

Her sufferings, mental and physical, are be yond narration; they would only harrow the reader's heart for naught; suffice it to say that three days after her recovery from unconsciousness, she lay at dusk on the bare floor in that corner of the room which was furthest from the bed. She had never laid upon it since that night she had discovered the diaboli-cal mystery connected with it. She had passed through all the various stages of slow starvation, the giddiness, the raving hunger, the sick torment, the unendurable gnawings of her vitals, the gradual consuming of all strength, and one by one of all her faculties; and now she lay in a stupor, her sharpened face turned up and her blackened, parched, and excoriated ps open, and gasping for breath, while her nollow eyes glared through the glazing of com-ng dissolution, sightless and senseless.

The watch-dog had been visited twice in that time, and fed, and Monica had called and entreated the Italian, receiving no reply, not even the turning of his eyes in her direction. She had long known that it was intended that she should never emerge alive from her lonely prison, and argued from this, (as long as she had sense to reason, poor soul, or to think of anything outside of her own cruel pangs,) that her father's life was by this time taken, and that his murderers dared not now set her free,

ince she suspected their guilt. Be sure she had not tamely succumbed to her premature fate; rich in personal courage, as well as possessing great natural ingenuity and esource, with boundless patience and industry, she had tried every device which the cleveres captive could imagine to escape from her cap tivity, but her enemies had foreseen everything, and had prepared for everything that was in her power to do, so that in whichever lirection she bent her efforts, she found them frustrated. The framework of the windows being slight, and worm-eaten, she had been able to drive out one of the sashes, and she could have easily lowered herself to the grass peneath by the aid of the bedclothes, had not the horrible apparition of the blood-hound. rouching beneath, been ever before her, its blood-shot eyes watching her, its red jaws dripping in expectation, and its continual hoarse baying chilling her blood; in vain had she endeavored to propitiate the brute by kind words and coaxing gestures; famine had made him savage, and some diabolical art of the Italian had imprinted on his canine brain the indelible conviction that the captive was his

worst enemy. Then she had tried to stun him with the only neavy articles in the room ty andirons that stood in the empty fireplace these the animal had dodged one after the other. successfully, in spite of the unhappy girl's hours of anxious watching for an opportunity, and breathless dexterity in seizing it when it came and, seemingly quite aware of what she had tried to do, a spirit of vengeance tenfold more malignant than the first had taken possession of the dog, and he was content to crouch by the hour motionless under the shelter of the wall, his red orbs, which glittered with a metallic glare, fastened in horrible fixity upon

Rotten as the door was, the lock was new and sound, and no force that she could use, minus iron tools, availed to break it open; the chimney was too narrow to permit of her exit through it, even could she have climbed it as a man would have done; and lastly, the promised. walls defied her soft hands to beat them down, and the floor resisted her every effort to tear up a plank or loosen a nail. Had she had any eans of lighting a fire, she would have burned her way out, but her jailers had been far too cunning to leave her so much as one match, knife, spoon, or article possible to be convert ed into a tool which would serve her purpose.

And now all was over; her life was ebbine fast away, the chill of death was on her; she suffered no more pain or fear, for she was mercifully wrapped in the stupor that come before death from inanition. But on this, the

evening of the third day came an event. She never heard the stealthy fall of horse's hoofs approaching over the heath, nor the savage yell of delight uttered by the famished nound as he heard and recognized the coming of his feeder; not a thrill of joy or fear passed through her death-struck frame, though (the dog having been thrown his meal of raw flesh, as his howl of rapture and then wildbeast growlings and snarlings attested.) the cottage door was unlocked at last, and stealthy feet mounted the creaking, narrow stairs, stopping often for a minute at a time; came nearer -nearer-paused outside her door, and in the dim little passage an ear was placed to the keyhole; but still poor Monica took no heed,

for she was dying. It was Vulpino, who, having satisfied himself that his victim either could not or would not give any sign, boldly unlocked and entered He saw her at once, and glanced from the still figure on the floor to the unoccupied bed in surprise, asking himself why she nad chosen between them thus; then perceiving that she had brushed away the sand from the slightly raised edges of the square upon which the bedstead stood, he shrugged his to wipe his eyes. shoulders in grim comprehension, smiling darkv. and his wicked eyes twinkling, as if in anen he stalked over to her, knelt, and saw

At first he merely made a goblin-like grimace of disapprobation, muttering in his own

"Bah! you might have spared me this disagreeable duty, Piccolina. My word! but you nust have as many lives as a cat, not to have uccumbed yet. Ebbene! to work. Giacomo Vulpino; and now for a pretty bit of sur-

The low muttering tone in which he spoke ish glare rested upon her derisively; "see thees

seemed scarcely enough to rouse the lightest slumberer; but perhaps it sounded in the long silent room with unnatural loudness, or perhaps her ebbing life made one more desperate effort to save itself, inspired by the human voice; at all events, Monica's dim eyes opened suddenly, and she lifted them slowly and painfully up to his, and gazed.

The Italian had taken from his pocket a case of medical instruments, and was in the act of selecting a tiny crystal tube, fine as a darning-needle, but seeing her eyes he stayed his hands and returned her look, an expression of intense wonder gradually overspreading his harsh and sinister features.

Monica had one incomparable beauty, her

Lit by health, happiness and love, they had haunted the dreams of many a beauty-lover; and even now, though they were sunken, dimmed, and encircled with inky circles, they shot their spell straight to the heart of the Italian, who was like all his nation a born devotee at Beauty's shrine, so that for the moment he forgot everything else in the rare pleasure of drinking in the loveliness thus unexpectedly revealed.

This retarded Monica's fate for full five

The paid assassin did not say a word or atcempt to make her speak, he simply looked his fill, narrowly, critically, and with a series of strange smirks of perfect approval, as if he was gazing at a notable picture in a gallery; but at last he drew a long breath and muttered in his own tongue, which Monica had studied enough

to gather the meaning of: "By Santa Maria, 'tis a pity to extinguish such fires, and carry their charming memory forever, associated only with ugly death. But I see—I see! I get a peep of your game, Fratelli Marshall: the signorina is a Derwent, whether she knows it or not! By the exquisite eyes here reproduced to perfection of Dame Ethelgiva Derwent, whose venerable portrait hangs in the picture-gallery of the Weald, this unknown Monica Rivers from across the Atlantic is a true Derwent, whose life stands between these hungry money-hunters and their prize, and therefore it is that she must die. Ah well! 'tis no concern of mine; they pay me well, and I love to be paid well; so you must go, pretty lady, and lie till the day of doom in the mysterious vault to which yonder couch will softly bear you."

Once more turning to his instruments he lifted her arm delicately, between one bony finger and thumb, and traced upon its cold and shrunken surface one big blue vein, with the blunt end of the minute glass syringe, and when he had selected the spot he was looking for, he took from the case a little vial containing a white fluid, and unscrewing the top of the syringe, adroitly charged it with a drop or two and screwed it on again.

But Monica had been gradually regaining her consciousness as he knelt there, and not only had heard and translated all he said, but was now slowly and feebly fitting meaning to his words; slowly comprehending the accompanying actions.

As he lifted her arm once more, having pre-

viously mounted on his high sharp nose a pair of heavy gold-rimmed spectacles, she made a supreme effort to move her blue lips to speak. He perceived the attempt, and, curiosity overcoming the professional unconcern with which he had been about to win his money, he relinquished her arm, laid down the deadly little weapon carefully, on the bare floor at his side, and deliberately producing a flask of spirits, wet her mouth with a few drops, and chafed her temples with his great clammy palms, until she felt a thrill of life pass through

Again she moved her poor pale lips, which had almost forgotten how to do anything but gasp and quiver in pain, but she was far too weak to utter a sound as yet, and could look up piteously at the man whom she fully

recognized as her appointed murderer. With what unnatural apathy she told herself this! But she had already suffered pangs worse than any death-nothing could affright one so

miserable The Italian patiently went on restoring her; he had long been so inured to the extremity of crime, and with impunity-that his conscience was stone dead—(he never had had much)—his heart-(always a small one)-obtruded on his chosen course; it was not remorse, and it was not pity which now stayed his hand from taking away this sweet young life for a paltry thousand pounds; it was simply that he would like to hear her version of the Derwent-Marshall affair, which, for all he knew, held far richer awards in its secrets than he had been

At last she could speak, though she was so sadly reduced that the effort to articulate a few syllables seemed like the squeezing out of the last drops of her heart's blood, and sent the last arid tear of exhaustion rolling scantily down her skeleton cheek.

'I-know-you-" she panted, so faintly and huskily that Vulpino had to bend his disgusting great ear close to her mouth before he could distinguish the words; "I—heard—them -Vulpine-Mr. Derwent-poison-oh! Tell is he dead?" The last three words she cried out together in a sudden three of agonized suspense, while her shaking hands strove to clasp hemselves and rise toward him in supplication; but the Italian never heeded the appeal, he was too intent on his own plans.

"Ma pretta mees," said he, in his broken English, calling up a would-be benevolent smile to his hideous visage, "w'at you want of the reesh man Derwent-a?" "Is-he-dead?" reiterated Monica, pite-

'Dat I tell ven you tell me de oder-a, pretty mees!' said he, nodding his head grotesquey, and picking up the tiny tube for a plaything, to twist in his long, dirty-nailed claws. 'W'at you?-eh? queek, tell-a me."

Monica saw that it was only wicked curiosity that had restored her, and turned her poor face away in bitter disappointment.

"Know you dat I hold de leetle life in my

hands?" grinned he, lightly tracing the selected vein on her bare arm with the sharp point of the syringe. "Now you answer-a me, pronto -pronto-or I-ahi! and de leetle Riviera lie dead, essa stessa; o-he! an' den I weep-a!" and he made a playful little prod at her arm with the point of the syringe, and pretended

Monica had resigned herself to die some twelve hours since, and had not hoped for deicipation of some interesting episode; and liverance since, but she now felt a sudden enraged reluctance to meet death at these vile

> She found strength enough yet to drag herself to her knees, and to plead for her young life in a burst of agonizing prayer. "Oh, save me!" she moaned. "What have

I done to you-to any one, that I should be murdered?" "You see thees delicata leetle machina?" he retorted, putting it close to her eyes and sink-ing his voice to hoarse menace, while his fiendas the poison of de serpent vat you call a when you would have been thrown into a caldrane blanche, small—deadly beyond all dron of boiling oil, or strung up by the hair for the rooks to peck at. Oh, my God! to pierce de nice-a pretta flesh of young mees veeth it, in de vein, here, guardare! Just a if all the tortures of the Inquisition were at preeck—no more-a! Bote ven I press on dees-a my command, could not bring to life again extremita-aha! I shoot into de vein dat wheesh lays Piccolina Riviera at my feet una corpa morta—a corpse—in one—t'ree minute:

Monica perfectly followed this horrid explanation, and sunk down again with a low shuddering moan, her hands still piteously supplicating for mercy, and the great tears, which she had supposed all shed long ago, coursing once more down her convulsed face. He wanted her to gratify his wicked curiosity regarding her connection with her father, and she knew there was no use in her complying, even had she possessed the strength to utter the explanations, for she knew that she must die, and that he had been appointed to assassinate

"Only say that my-that Mr. Derwent still lives," she implored, with a last expiring effort, crawling to him and clasping his knees; and then dispatch me quickly," she cried out,

"Ha! misera! scelerata! leetle scamp-a! he hissed, angrily, reading her determination not to betray anything she knew, and then he stood silent, glooming darkly down at her, as he cast about in his crafty mind whether he could possibly wring the withheld information out of her, or whether he had after all missed anything of importance; but presently be made up his mind that she was too far gone now for him to maneuver, and that he might as well proceed with the business in hand while he felt angry with her, as he could then shift the blame of the deed upon her own head.

"Verra vell, foolish sciocca - idiota; I vooda spared-a you, per il Grand Iddio: botemind-a-you vood not spik, so-" He sudden ly bent down and snatched her arm, she uttering an involuntary cry of despair, a cry that was little more than a whisper, so faint and feeble was it, yet it was heard by one who long had overlooked the interview.

Just as the Italian poisoner brought the sharp point of the death-charged tule to the artery in the satin inside of Monica's arm, she faintly struggling, and averting her poor blinded eyes that she might not see her murder, a stalwart form darted through the open doorway, a hand of iron seized Vulpino's collar, and while he was sent reeling in one direction, Monica found herself caught up to a broad breast, and a voice which she had dreamed she heard many times speaking most sweetly through her delirium, said now in the same full-hearted tones

"Dear little girl! Poor little girl! Have I found you at last?"

And she, raising her half-senseless eyes, with a smile of ineffable joy and peace, beheld the pale tender face of Geoffrey Kilmyre close to hers.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FOLDED IN TENDER ARMS.

HE seemed to be almost beside himself as he held the terribly altered girl in his arms; he forgot everything but her, and the sufferings she had gone through, and the anxiety he had endured in his long, feverish search for her, and the thoughts he had had about her; and she was not so far gone as to be unconscious that he was straining her against his loudlybeating heart, and showering kisses upon her poor, sharpened face, and whispering sweetest, warmest words of pity and love to her; and, somebow, she did not think of shrinking from him, nor of feeling astonishment, or embarrassment, or anything but rest and safety-oh, such dear, delicious rest, and such peaceful,

For indeed they had thought so much about each other, these two impulsive, generous, onest hearts that it was the m thing in the world that they should meet just so, without one shadow between.

But, presently, things faded from poor Monica's eyes, and she felt his dear hends and kisses no longer; she sunk into the stupor from which the assassin had waked her.

Geoffrey stood with the limp and lifeless body in his arms, gazing at it wildly.

He thought Monica was dead. He could not breathe, he grew blind, he reel-

He believed that he had come too late, after all, and that this, the sweetest woman in the whole world, would never lift her brave,

proud eyes in gentle kindness to his again. How long did he stand there holding her thus? He took no note of time; he was in a

But Vulpino, the wretch who had done this foul deed, moved in his corner where he lay in a distorted heap, just as he had fallen. He was recovering his senses.

Geoffrey started, and looked round at him with bloodshot eyes.

A fearful smile crossed his bitten and bleeding lips. He carried his burden to the bed, and softly laid it down; he kissed each sweet eyelid down over the dark, dim eyes; he straightened the beautiful limbs with reverent hand, and placed the two little hands upon the still bosom; then he bent to lay his death-pale cheek against hers, his caressing hand stroking (oh, so tenderly—so tenderly!) her long, unbound black hair; and a groan tore its way from his very soul.

"Oh, my poor darling!" he muttered, chokingly—"my little, brave, good darling, I came too late to save you, but, dear, not too late to avenge you - not loo late for that! And Heaven, I know, will not hold me guilty, though you, sweet, if you were alive, would plead for your murderer, so gentle and so kind you

He heard another movement in the corner, and he strode across the room in time to seize the throat of the Italian, who was in the act of stealthily gliding toward the door. Would you like to hear the programme of

the next few minutes, murderer;" said he, through his gritting teeth, while he forced the trembling wretch to meet his flaming

Vulpino burst into a torrent of Italian, as well as he could articulate it with those iron a fingers griping his gullet; but Geoffrey was dred pounds of rusty iron. too excited to comprehend him, although, in his calmer moments, he was not a bad speaker grass beside the carcass of his slaughtered ac of the language; and he put a summary stop to the tide of protestations and explanations by giving him a shake that almost dislocated glad eyes and exulting heart on the dear and

"Come down-stairs out of the sacred presence of your victim," he ground out, suiting his actions to his words, and forcing the and to pierce his soul with the solemn fervor of Italian before him. "Come outside and bear her grateful eyes. your punishment, and after it your execution

think that all your miserable carcass could suffer my command, could not bring to life again that lovely, sweet gir! How could you-how

could you do it, man?"

And for a moment his anguish of grief overcopped the vengeful fury that was lashing him on to ruin by taking upon himself the miserable Vulpino's punishment; and Vulpino took advantage of the momentary loosening of his hold to wrench himself free with one sudden jerk and dart; but ere he had reached the door, deeply socketed in the wall which surounded the cottage, Geoffrey's pistol covered him, and he stopped, perforce, his teeth chat-tering and his knees doubling up under him. Since he could not stand, he made the best

of necessity he knelt, clasped his great bony hands, and gathered enough English to nake his defen e.

"It ees a mistake-a, Grand Iddio! Vood ou keel-a me, veethout to hear von esplain? Ze donna, see ees note yet dead, no, not at all—see leevs! Come back-a, oond see. Corpo di Dio! I notting do to hare. No, I deed note ze injection of ze poison; no, I not begun, ven-a you come; see leevs, I tell-a you; veramente, oond you keel-a me, destroy you self, all for notseeng, niente! bah!"

Geoffiey had only let him run on so long be cause he was striding—still keeping his pistol leveled at the wretch's heart—to pick up his iding-whip, which lay on the ground beside the horse he had ridden. Having now secured it, he strode quickly back to the culprit, and without another word brought down the good new thong across hi parchment face with an accuracy of aim and a nervous vigor that left mark like a narrow red ribbon straight from the right bony temple down to the left side of the long poking chin, and wrung a yell of pain and rage from the astonished sufferer.

Before he could jump to his feet, nimble as his notions now were, another cut had crossed its predecessor, slanting exactly the opposite way, o that the hideous visage was now marked with a blood-red X, from the clean lines of which little round drops of the same color were starting, to trickle in tiny rivulets down among the wrinkles; and then Vulpino was or dered to keep his knees, if he would not have a bullet through his brain without further parley, and reminded that he had better oc cupy his mind in saying his prayers while hi penance was progressing, as its duration was all the time he would have on this earth, which henceforth would furnish nothing but a grave for a wretch such as he.

And then the blows rained down on his quivering body, each lash stinging like a flame, and the doomed man dared scarcely writhe in is tortures, but glared at the death-dealing veapon which glittered in his executioner's left hand, while the right was employed with his dagellation. However, desperation soon came o Vulpino's aid, and in spite of his physica sufferings, he contrived at last to make a co herent appeal, with such an air of sincerity that Geoffrey deigned to listen, although he did not pause in his labor a moment for that.

"Eef you veel-a let me to esplain," whined the Italian as well as he could with his agonier making his teeth jer' into his tongue, "I veel-e say moche dat you veel be best-a to know about ze Fratelli Marshall; I veel-a show you how to save ze old signor; as for ze mees, see is only faint wis ze famine, I no toche her as yet. See here ees ze siringa, wis ze veleno, vat ees poison, tutta in it—vedere, behold!" And he held up the tiny tube, through the crystal of which Geoffrey could see the fluid glittering quite full. "Oond eef you take avay ze life-s who veel show to save ze signore? None can do dat bote ze avvelenator-ze professed poisoner.

When Geoffrey was out of breath, he snapped his whip in two, and tossed it at his well-flogged enemy; and he did not at once blow haps he had worked off some of his fury, and is better nature was coming to the surface gain -perhaps the villain's remonstrances had minded him of the possibility of amelioratng the case, and of the fatal indiscretion o gratifying his vengeance without due investi gation of facts; at all events he folded his arms, and stood looking contemplatively down at the writhing form and craven face of th Italian, listening to the torrent of entreaties. confessions, promises and bewailings which he poured out so volubly, until a faint sound from above sent his startled eyes up to the window overhead, and he saw the blessed vision of Monica's white face and large, dark eyes, and her little weak hand tapping at the pane.

So then he uttered a shout and was running like the wind for the house, but stopped at the door with a grunt of grim resolution; wheeled and went back to his trembling victim, whose swarthy face had lit up with a relief and joy almost equal to his own

Get up," said Geoffrey. Vulpino obeyed with abject docility.

'March!" said Geoffrey, waving his hand oward the other side of the cottage. And Vulpino strode with alacrity round the corner, and came in sight of the dog's kennel, and of the dog's carcase lying across its threshold with its throat cut.

"Take the chain off your sleuth-hound, demon," Geoffrey commanded; "it is well for you that your villainous scrag neck has not nade the like acquaintance with my hunting knife as your dog's. A fine sentinel to set over a tender helpless woman, isn't it? Oh, you oundrel! if you don't smart for this yet!"

To the tune of these remarks Vulpino unocked the massive chain with which he had se cured his bloodhound while he went up-stairs in his absence he always had left him loose, to scour round the house, so that his prisoner dared not issue from any window, even had she succeeded in escaping from the room in which she was locked.

Geoffrey took the end of the chain from him, and ordered him to hold up his hands; which when he obeyed, were securely bound together, after which Geoffrey proceeded to bind his an kles after the same pattern; disposing of the balance of the chain by passing it several times round his waist; so that, the job finished, Vul-pino found himself trussed up firmly as a hare, nd weighted to boot with no less than a hun

Thus garnished he was fain to sink upon the complice, the hound; while Geoffrey walked off cheerfully and bounded u stairs to feed his known as the Hudson Bay Fur Company. espaired-of sight of Monica alive and con-

which two duties I take upon myself with especially at his hands, added to the few drops of broads which the prospect of deliverance, more especially at his hands, added to the few drops of broads which the circle.

I was young tall, straight and tough:

nice-a siringa, veesh is full-a of a virus deadly only wish we were back in the middle ages, given her a fleeting strength so that, recovering consciousness, and finding herself once more alone, she feared that all she had lately seen had been only one of her delirious visions, and had dragged herself painfully inch by inch to the window, to see whether any one was be-

> But now she had an attendant ready to do anything or everything for her; oh, such a tender, patient, loving, beaming nurse! How carefully he fed the famished creature, a crumb at a time, with tiniest sips of sparkling water just flavored with wine, between, so wise and prudent that although it cut him to the heart to refuse her anything, he would not let her have a crumb too many a moment too soon, lest she might die yet, poor suffering darling, for even the bulk of an egg of the delicate wine-biscuits, which he had providential ly chanced to have in his pocket, would have been a surfeit for her shrunken and debilitated stomach, which had eaten on itself only for three excruciating days

> And when she drooped against him, her grateful eyes closing in spite of her, with the weakness of one out of a long fever, how gently he laid her on the bed-how patiently he sat by her; then when she awoke anon, hungrier than ever, how joyously he went through the whole critical process again!

So that, in about four hours, she was strong nough to let him carry her down-stairs in his rms, and to lie on his bosom, tied to him by is own soft fleecy muffler, on his gallant orse's broad back; and so, walking as gently s possible, they made the journey from that order county into the next back to Dornoch Weald; arriving there at eight o'clock of the vening, after dark.

"And now-Mr. Derwent!" muttered Monia, feverishly, when her speech had come back

"Dear, two days ago he was yet alive," said Geoffrey, turning paler; "but I was got out of the Weald by a despicable stratagem and have ver since been searching for you. Their hance whispers warned me of your danger."

"Oh, not me-tell about him!" moaned the girl. Geoffrey could not but gaze perplexedly at her, for how was he to account for her deotion toward one who had treated her so

"I have every hope of his safety, yet," said e, stoutly; "the eyes of the county are upon he Weald; and even hydrophobia must run its course. Cheer up, sweet Monica; I think e shall be able to save him yet, you and I."

Then he told her where she was The conspirators had recognized in the stran er American at first only an accidental meddler in their affairs; but since then their eyes ad been opened to the electrifying truth that he was Mr. Derwent's lawful and only child; mere whisper in Mr. Derwent's ear was the nly thing wanted to set him promptly revokg that unnatural will, the unjust terms of which the two brother, knew too well; and aming the interloper as his heiress, to the exlusion of every other candidate. Her doom, in to that revelation, having hung in the balce, for circumstantial evidence had eventualpointed her out as the owner of the scrap of ce found by Godiva in the forest, that day of the double conferences, it needed but this culninating stroke of fate, revealing her relationship to Derwent, to seal it. That was why they had at first given her food and kept her n blessed unconsciousness of her sufferings, aferward abandoning her to starvation.

The delicate young creature whom Geoffrey ad been wont to call his "lily-maid" -Godiva fontacute, had been the most inexorable of he trio, in passing the death-sentence upon Monica. The innocent prattle of good Mrs. Aberfeld revealing Master Geoffrey's kindness o the "bonny stranger lassie," added to the ng, fierce scrutiny the yellow-haired advenuress gave her dark-haired, spirituelle rival, that first day of Vulpino's custody of her in one of the uninhabited rooms in the Weald, had hardened Godiva's heart against her, until seemed as if she could not rest quietly unti pino could say, "The heiress is dead." deoffrey, who had presumed to overlook her alnost proffered love, had been enthusiastic in his oraises of her; the cruelly cold Derwent, whom she had one day wooed with half-mad candor would hold this stranger in his arms, thanking God she was purer and better than she!

"Take her to Feltrie," spake the cold, low-ering beauty; "it is sufficiently removed from us here to render it impossible for her to escape hither and spoil our schemes. She has only to pour her fatal revelations into her father's ear and we are ruined. Feltrie is even more secluded than Dornoch, as there is no hamlet there. nor a railway within thirty miles; it stands in the very fastnesses of Scottish mountains: and the dialect of the people will be a foreign language to an American. Also, there chances to stand on the estate, three or four miles distant from the castle, a curious little hunting-lodge, built a hundred years ago by one of our ances tors to accommodate his sporting friends, and afterward diverted to the grim duty of imprisoning a certain suspected Lady Derwent. said to be selling the honor of her house to foreign invaders, and too popular among the ommon people to be openly punished. Once, as a child, Mr. Derwent took me through the old shooting-box; it was a prosaic enough looking cottage, until I saw the high stone wall that surrounded it; there were bars across the miserable little windows; and in one up-stairs room an infernal machine for secret murder and the very trap, arranged under the great ghostly bed to slide away in the dead of night and drop the sleeper into a well forty feet

And that was where Vulpino had spirited his drugged and unconscious captive the night after that fateful hunt, and where Geoffrey had at last traced him as he went to feed his grim canine sentinel, which, like himself, was more a beast of prey than a domesticated ani-

(To be continued - commenced in No. 389.)

Adventures in the North-west.

BY MAJOR MAX MARTINE

Formerly of the Hudson Bay Company's Service.

III. THE FROZEN INDIAN.

It was my fortune, for many years, to be a factor in the service of that wealthy monopoly my restless Yankee nature was not satisfied gantlet, with such a monotonous, humdrum life, and I At le

I took my departure from Fort Ray, at the confluence of the Yellow Kuife river with

joy with joy, hound, do you hear?" giving of brandy which the poisoner had poured down him another fierce shake that turned the her throat in the hope of hearing from her was uncommonly cold, even for that latitude,

reach the trapping - grounds; though not without many misgivings as to the result; for I had not that experience in woodcraft, nor that knowledge of Indian character, that came to me in after years.

Late one afternoon, as I was looking about for a good spot in which to build my campfire, I came across an Indian, sitting bolt upright against a tree, and nearly frozen to death. His eyes already had assumed that wild, stony look peculiar to starving persons, and I saw that whatever was done must be done quickly. I found a secluded place at the side of one of those enormous bowlders so plentiful in that section of the country, and gathering some birch bark and dry brush, I soon had a rousing

The Indian was as stiff as a poker, so I took him on my shoulder, and carrying him to the fire, I laid him down upon my own blankets, and commenced the task of rubbing him back to life.

As soon as the blood began to circulate the pain commenced, and the Indian, though half stupefied, began to get angry at me; ima me to be the cause of his present suffering. He drew his hunting knife and commenced stabbing at me, until, finally, I began to get a little vexed myself. I went and cut a good sough birch sprout which I seasoned well in the fire, then taking Mr. Indian by the scalp lock, I stood him on his feet, and commenced one of the liveliest whippings he ever had.

At first he danced about in wonder and amazement, and as he began to warm up he seemed to feel that he had received a good But I did not let up until satisfied that the frost was all out of him, when I made him wrap up in my blanket and sit by the fire.
All this time he had not spoken a word, but

did not care for that; I knew he would find his tongue some time, and I was in no hurry Leaving him a good fire, I shouldered my rifle and went to look for my supper. I had not long to hunt, for in half an hour I was back to my camp with a saddle of venison large enough supply myself and my new boarder. Cutting a half dozen slices, I threw them on the coals, and when they were warmed through I tossed him a slice, and without a word he devoured it as ravenously as a starved wolf would have done, and looked wishfully for more. Not wishing to kill him by a surfeit of food, especially as I had been to so much trouble to bring him to life, I gave him what I thought a man in his condition could stand.

I filled my pipe, and after smoking awhile bassed it to him, and as long as the tobacco lasted he continued smoking. During this time he had not spoken a word, but the fumes of the narcotic opened the floodgates, and he found his tongue. He told me that he was an Assiniboine; that he had been on a long hunt alone, and that in an encounter with a party of Blackfeet he had been overpowered and

robbed of everything he possessed.

I did not believe this, for I thought the Blackfeet would have taken his scalp, too; but he had lost all means of making a fire, or of procuring anything to eat, and if I had not ound him just as I did, he would have been a dead Indian before another night. He suceeeded in getting it through his thick skull that I had, somehow or other, been the means of saving his life, and begged to be permitted to the saving his life, and begged to be permitted to ecompany me.

I had not much faith in the abilities of an Indian who could not take care of himself, and did not consider him a very valuable acquisition; but I was agreeably disappointed. That Indian was my constant companion for fifteen months, and to him am I indebted for very much of my success as a scout and trapper We became very much attached to each other. and I believe that either would have given his life at any time to have saved that of the

Little Beaver, as I called him, and myself trapped together the remainder of the season, and then visited a trading-post a few miles above what is now Fort Buford, where we disposed of our furs. I bought him a good gun ammunition and blankets, and after procuring my own outfit, we started on a regular tour of

observation, and in search of adventure.

My own life had been so saddened that I no onger cared to return to the States, and at this time my only object in life was to get away from myself, so I became the reckless, roving hunter that I was, with not a thing in

the wide, wide world worth living for. My thoughts would often wander back to the dear old mountains of Maine, to the friends I had once known, and to the happy

days of my youth -days that I knew were gone forever. Fifteen months had passed away since I first made the acquaintance of Little Beaver, when there occurred that incident which deprived me of my Indian friend. We had made our hunt ng camp on Po-po-on-che (Long Grass) creek, between the Wind River Mountains and the

Yellowstone river. We had seen no 'sign" of nostile Indians, and were losing our usual caution in our fancied security. One night we sat up until a late hour, telling stories and laying plans for the future, and both had done a hard day's work and were tired and sleepy, so that it was not long after we had rolled ourselves in our blankets before

we were sound asleep. We were both awakened at the same moment to find ourselves prisoners to a party of Tetons. After binding us, they built a rousing fire, and sat down to enjoy themselves at our expense until morning. With the morning came preparations for a march to the village of their chief, Sitting Bull, where we arrived in two or three days, and were confined in separate

Next day the council-fire was lit, and we were taken, bound, before the old judges who were to decide our fate.

The old chief addressed a few words to me in the Indian dialect. But a disposition to be contrary had taken possession of me, and I ting her feelings be known without delay, and made him think I could not understand him. as she said less than usual, Lillian concluded He asked me who I was, where I came from, and where I was going; but I only shook my head, and they commenced the farce of an Indian trial.

They first decided the fate of Little Beaver. As they say in the police courts, "he was an old offender.' He had been their mortal enemy for years, and had killed many of their tribe; so it was decided that Beaver should die at the stake. My turn came next, and I listened to their talk with as much indifference as though I had not understood every word | make it. they were saying. Some of them were clamorous for giving me the same fate as Beaver, while others wanted to see me run the

At length the old chief arose and said that scious, and even able to give him a pale, tremulous little smile as he came toward her, a free trapper.

And the left that service, and entered upon the life of the had lost a son, and wanted me to fill his place. He explained to his tribe the advantages of having a young white brave among them, and ended by cutting the thongs which

I was young, tall, straight and tough; a good specimen of a Maine Yankee, and able to strangling wretch black in the face, "and I some important secret before she died, had and I was getting in somewhat of a hurry to fight. So they decided that Little Beaver

should die by fire, and that I should become an

Indian. The ridiculousness of the idea struck me immediately; and when I thought what some of my aristocratic friends would say, if they could only see me now, I could not help laughing

outright.

The old chief showed his surprise at this, and still more when I addressed him in his own language, asking permission to speak before the council. This was granted, and the reader may believe I gave them some plain talk. I told them that Little Beaver was my brother; that he had never harmed them; I hoped they would kill me too; I knew I was wasting breath in pleading for my friend, so I told them I would never join their tribe; and if they did not kill me, I would run away the first chance I had.

They listened without interruption, until I had concluded, when the old chief said that the decision had been made, and could not be changed. Beaver was conducted to the guardroom, and the old chief led me away to a teepe adjoining his own. He told me I was free to go where I pleased in the village, but would not be allowed to leave it.

I had no opportunity of speaking to my friend that day, nor until the following morning, when he was led out to torture. He bid me good-by; asked me to go to his tribe and say that he died like a brave, and not like a squaw; and asked me to shoot him myself before they commenced the torture. Some of them heard his last request, and my gun was put out of my reach. Could I have had my rifle for a single moment I would have saved my friend from torture by shooting him myself. But I was powerless to help him, and bidding him good-by once more, I walked away to be cut of sight of their cruelty.

After my companion was thus brutally burned to death, the old chief came to me one day and tried to induce me to join his tribe. He even offered me his daughter in marriage, and said that he would make me a wealthy man; and that in the course of time I would take his place as the head chief of the tribe. But not all the charms of his daughter, who was one of the prettiest of Indian maidens, nor the temptations of wealth and power, could induce

me to become an Indian. Here was presented to me a life of independence and ease, if not luxury; and many a white man even in the States, would consider himself very fortunate in receiving such an offer. Often, now, I look back upon this occasion as one of the many opportunities I have thrown away; when wealth was laid aside for freedom. And, though nearly three years passed before I finally made my escape, I find myself longing for the freedom of the western

wilds. Looking out of my window to-day, and watching the snow whirled through the streets; the pedestrians muffled to the eyes in warm furs, I wonder that I ever could pass so many just such days out of doors and alone in the wilds of the Northwest. The merry jingle of the bells in the street below, and far out where the prairie and winter are battling for the mastery, are pleasant sounds to me; but I would so li e to hear the shout that would go up in

A Woman's Hand:

THE MYSTERY OF MEREDITH PLACE.

BY SEELEY REGESTER, AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD LETTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED. In the course of two or three hours Miss Miler grew calm and fell asleep under the effects

Better take an hour's rest yourself, mademoiselle. It's a long time yet till breakfast, though it's broad daylight."

She did lie down on the lounge, but the scene of the night had been too exciting, and she could only act it over and over in thought, as she lay there, sleepless, watching the wan face on th

How she has changed in a year! She used to be so handsome—and so strong. She worries far more about that miserable money than I. I wish she would give it up—as I have! But no, she has found it at last—there is the proof! Oh, how can I wait for her to waken and explain? Now I shall send for Cousin Joe. Yes, if he will not come to me, I will go to him and tell will not come to me, I will go to him and tell him the truth. My poor, brave, faithful governess! She told me, at the time her arm was broken, that some one was here who knew where the box was, but who dared not convey it away, but that she had not yet discovered who this person was. Now, doubtless, she had seen and recognized him. This wretched mystery will be at an end."

She waited impatiently, but the patient slept on heavily, and the watcher's thoughts varied.

on heavily, and the watcher's thoughts varied, although always centering about the same sub-

although always centering about the same subject, tears dropping as the image of her father came back vividly, and a blush drying them on her cheeks as another picture arose, embodying some scene in the future.

When the rising-bell rung she dressed herself, seeing that Miss Miller was not disturbed; she was one of the first to enter the breakfast room, and had to answer the inquiries of all. Inez gave her a singular look as she came in with her rair double, but asked not a question, nor referred to her little part in the night's performance. Ar to her little part in the night's performance. Ar-thur took a seat by Lillian, making several in-quiries about his sister. She really pitied him, he was so anxious, and had so little appetite for his breakfast; and making an effort to show her friendliness, she evidently succeeded in lighten-ing his uneasiness, so that he appeared less re-strained as the meal progressed. Inez' eyes con-tinued to flash lightnings across the table; Lillian noticed something peculiar in her manner; but, as the Cuban was in the habit of

that she must have misread her expression.

When she returned to her room, too eager to find her friend awake to care to linger with the pleasure-seekers below, Miss Miller lay quietly staring at the wall. "If you had not disturbed me last night," she

"If you had not disturbed me last night," she said, listlessly, "I suppose I should have got along well enough. It is the sudden shock which affects the nerves."

"I did not waken you. It was your stumbling which did it. Will you have anything, dear Miss Miller?"

'A cup of coffee, as strong as they please to

Lily rung the bell and made her request; the offee came, with a slice of toast: and the servant sent away; then the patient appeared disposed to sleep again.

Lillian hesitated whether to broach the subject, and, ever considerate of others, finally concluded to keep silence until the other spoke of her own free will.

If you feel inclined to rest, I will go down.' "Go, if you wish, child; I do feel more quiet than I have in days. Doubtless rest is what I most need.

She went out to find all the ladies of the house gathered in Bertha's room, in a high state of excitement over the arrival, that morning, by express, of the wedding dress and bonnet. The

with an unpleasant laugh.

"I asked you if you did not consider her a beautiful bride?" repeated Lily, embarrassed, she knew not why.

"Yes, certainly—she will make a beautiful bride—if she ever becomes one! I wish Arthur could see her now!" and she turned away—and went to the window to avoid the subject of Bertha's perfections

Bortha's perfections,
"I wish Inez was not so illy-governed,"
mused Lillian, not for the first time. "She
keeps herself unhappy. Why did she say—'If
she ever becomes one?"

she ever becomes one?"

Once or twice in the course of the morning she stole back to look at Miss Miller, who had fallen asleep the second time, and, although very pale, was enjoying a profound and refreshing slumber. Her interest in the finale of the sleep-walking story was so keen as to tempt her to rouse the sleeper, but she restrained herself each time and went away; however, being too agitated by suspense and painful memories, to enjoy any society, she went the second time, down the deserted garden, blooming under the full warmth of high-noon, in search of a shaded nook in the old arbor, where she could be alone. She had been seated but a little while over a book which she held, but did not read, when Arthur Miller came sauntering along, and entered the arbor. He started when he found it occupied, removed the cigar from his lips, asked permission to share the bench, and when she had given it, threw himself down with a weary sigh.

"Is it the heat?" asked the young lady with

weary sigh.
"Is it the heat?" asked the young lady, with

"I believe it is, in part. Life is very unsatisfactory, taken as a whole. It is too warm, or too cold; too bright, or too dull; too wet, or too dry; and as the weather is, so is everything else. Poor human nature is ennuied to death buff the time." half the time."

"I hardly expected such a view of life from your lips, just at present, Mr. Miller."
"Oh, I'm not without my due share of troubles, I assure you. I am marrying a woman richer than myself—and that's not the most charming arrangement for a man of any spunk."

"Then why do you do it?" his listener was about to ask, but checked herself, betraying her surprise by her expression.

"People won't give me credit for any real love in the matter, you see. If Miss Chateau-briand were twice as beautiful and twice as lovable, I should have the credit of marrying her for her more."

lovable, I should have the credit of marrying her for her money."

"Which you certainly have, in my mind," thought Lillian, saying nothing.

"And then, there is Annie. She's not the woman she used to be, Miss Meredith. And these somnambulic tricks of hers worry me more than I am willing to confess to any one. I heartily wish she had not come to Meredith Place before the wedding. It would have been better for her at your quiet cottage. She adds to the excitement inseparable from the 'coming event,' and which reacts upon her in a very unpleasant way. I wish you would persuade her to go home with you this afternoon."

"She is staying at Mrs. Chateaubriand's particular request, whom it will disappoint if she leaves at this hurried time. Still, if you think her health demands it, I will propose it to them."

"I do wish you would Miss Moredith. You

them."

"I do wish you would, Miss Meredith. You can't imagine how she worries me:" then, as Lillian looked up, at the pettish, ill-humored tone, adding, "I am so alraid that she will come to serious harm. She might have killed herself, last night. I am getting so nervous, at night, I start at every sound, imagining Annie has stepped out of a second-story window, or

has stepped out of a second-story window, or fallen off the roof," and he forced a laugh. Lillian had remarked this very nervousness,

Lillian had remarked this very nervousness, and sleepless look in him, and now attributed it to the cause he gave.

"I will propose to her to go home with me, if she feels as if she should rest better there," she said. "It is but a few days now, at all events, till the great affair will be over; then I shall try and persuade her to try a change of scene for a month. We shall not open our school until the twentieth of September."

"A faw days, I know—but supposing she should break her neck in the meantime?"

Lillian did not like his hard tone, nor ill-con-

Lillian did not like his hard tone, nor ill-concealed impatience—it looked far more to her as if he did not wish to be annoyed by his sister's exploits, than like any deep interest in her health. So she remained silent, and he sat there moodily, until the lunch-bell summoned them to the house, when he immediately resumed the gay manner which had won him his way in so-ciety, offered her his arm, and conducted her to the dining-room as airily as if the weather was always paradisiacal.

His sister came down to lunch looking better than she had in some days, was congratulated on her recovery, made some brilliant suggestions regarding the ornamentation of the rooms for the approaching festivities, and made, as she always did, the power of her talent felt, whatever she said or suggested.

"I am as jealous as I can be of Lillian Meredith," said Bertha, "and I give you fair warning that when I get to keeping house, I shall quarrel with you for the possession of your treasure. I should never have ventured to promise to marry if I had not supposed you could be coaxed to live with us, Miss Miller."

"Perhaps I can, in due time—that is, if you and Arthur do not quarrel. I could never exist under the same roof with a matrimonial couple who brought their differences to me to settle."

"If he is good, and mild, and always lets me have my own way, I shall not quarrel with him," said Bertha.

Lillie listeral to the hard settle and the settle with him.

Lillian listened to the badinage without hear ing it; she was waiting for the hour of the af-ternoon siesta, when she should have her oppor-tunity of speaking to Miss Miller alone. It came at last, when the two again were in

their chamber.

"You were broken of your rest so much last night, Lily, you ought to take a long sleep this afformer."

"I am going back home, you know, before dinner. I shall start as soon as the sun is a little lower. But oh, Miss Miller, how can you think I can sleep until you have told me all?"
"Told you all?"

Yes-where the box is-where you got the

gold." Where I got the gold?"

"Where I got the gold?"

"And who it was that was taking it! Now that you know all, surely, this fearful mystery must come to the light."

"What are you talking about, my child?"

"But I feel it, I tell you. Since my health is in this peculiar state I am a perfect barometer. My spirits have fallen a good many degrees in 50 many minutes. Something is going to happen. Perhaps there will be an accident on the railroad to-night."

"Oh, I often feel that way—and nothing ever meaning of the figure eight!—that you had found the box, and brought those ingots in proof."

"Where I got the gold?"

"And who it was that was taking it! Now that was taking it! Now walk, a little later, and looking about her with a wandering glance.

"We had the storm last night. The air, now, is tike crystal, and the storm last night in the per dear the other in doubt and surprise.

"But I feel it, I tell you. Since my health is in this peculiar state I am a perfect barometer. My spirits have fallen a good many degrees in the open door.

"It is to late for call any later.

Gram'me was studying out her evening chapter of the New Testament by the light of a taltow dip, when Miss Miller surprised her by appearing in the open door.

"Is it too late for callers? It was so warm in the house of the how it is in this peculiar state I am a perfect barometer. My spirits have fallen a good many degrees in the open door.

"Is it too late for callers? It was so warm in the house I wanted to get out of it; and as I strolled this way I made up my minut I would come and ask you a question which I have wanted to get out of it; and as I strolled this way I made up my minut I would come and ask you a question which I have wanted to get out of it; and as I strolled this way I made up my minut I would come and ask you a question which I have wanted to get out of it; and as I strolled this way I made up my minut I would come and ask you a question which I have wanted to get out of it; and as I strolled this way I made up my minut I would come and ask you a questio

it had never been."
"Then you cannot lead me to the box!" cried
Lillian, dismayed, overwhelmed with disappointment

pointment.

"I cannot, I remember nothing. Tell me all I said, please, my darling child, this moment."
Lillian recounted what had passed.

"Did I not mention the name of the person whom I followed?" eagerly.

"No, not once."

"Let me look at the ingots, Lily."
Lillian went to her bureau, lifted the laces she had hastily thrown over the gold, but the ingots were not where she had hidden them!

"Some one has been here and taken them," she cried, as she hastily examined the drawer.

she cried, as she hastily examined the drawer, taking out every article.

Then she went to the next, although positive Then she went to the next, although positive she had placed them in the upper drawer; so on, through the bureau, and every nook and corner, possible and impossible, as persons will, when they have lost things, in the vain hope that memory is at fault, and that they will "turn up" somewhere. But the ingots had disappeared utterly—strangely as they had come, they had vanished still more strangely, and the two woman could only look at each other with vague speculation in their faces.

"CHECKMATE TO YOUR KING."
PERHAPS you dreamed the whole matter,"
gested Miss Miller, as she and Lily stood at indow of the tower, looking over the broad ndscape despondently.

They had taken advantage of the quiet pre-

They had taken advantage of the quiet presiding over the house at the hour of the afternoon slesta, to ascend to the tower-room and search for anything which might prove a clew to what had happened the previous night. A more innocent-looking place never was subjected to such close scrutiny. The plain, small square room had no nook where a thimble could be hidden—at least, none such appeared to the eye. They raised the carpet, which Sophie had caused to be spread, looking for some trap-door, or board which had been cut to lift from some cavity between the floors; but nothing rewarded the examination. There were windows on three sides—on the fourth hung the map of which we have spoken, against a plain, bare wall of common plaster laid directly upon the squared stones of which the tower was built.

"You said just before you awoke, that you were not certain whether it was up to determ you

"You said just before you awoke, that you were not certain whether it was up or down you "In the cellar, I suppose, under the coal,"— the governess spoke lightly, to cover her cha-

Oh, what if you had come here alone, and

grin.

"Oh, what if you had come here alone, and fallen from this open window!" said Lillian, with a shudder, looking down at the green grass and graveled paths below.

"I tell you, solemnly, that if I had, and had been dashed to death in an instant, I could ask for no happier fate.'

"Why, my dear, dear Miss Miller, don't speak in that manner! I thought I was very sad, and that I could never be happy again when my dear father—when, you know—how terrible it was!—and I am very wretched still, at times—and have a great weight on my mind about—about poor cousin Joe. But, I cannot say that I covet a death like that—ah, no! you make me tremble when you speak and look so."

"The young can bear anything," said the governess drearily; "like the springing grass, they bend to rise again; but when it is ripe and brittle, oace crushed it rises no more."

"I know, dear friend, you loved poor papa, and you will never, never get over his dreadful death. Why should Fate ordain that he should meet that foelish, willful girl, who had not the heart, nor the sense to love him as he deserved! If he had come home unmarried, all would have been so different! The other thing might not have happened—and he would have happened—and he would have happened—
"The other thing might not have happened—"

The other thing might not have happenedcould not have happened," said the governess slowly; "you are right, there, Lillian."

The subject, usually so carefully avoided, was too much for the self-possession of the orphaned girl, who clung to her friend's waist, and wept

"I think not—at least, not to-night. I have promised Mrs. Chateaubriand; and I may not have another of these attacks in some time. Arthur is too easily fretted about his dear sis

ter."
Was she speaking in sarcasm? Her companion looked up, but could not tell; she was half afraid of her governess, at times, such a change had lately come over her.
"Well, I must call Inex, as I go down. She ought to go home with me. She is here too muck, I think—seeing we are not placed so as to return these hespitalities."
"Oh, she does not regard herself from that standpoint any longer. She is Don Mignel's

"On, she does not regard herself from that standpoint any longer. She is Don Miguel's cousin, and if Sophie should be successful in her butterfly-hunting, they will be relatives."

"The Don is not a butterfly, Miss Miller."

"Truly, I believe he is something a trifle better. I dwelt on his perfections, while there was any hope of your appreciating him. But I hardly think you will take lines home with you. There she goes across the fields in the direction

There she goes across the fields, in the direction of Gram'me Hooker's."
"Alone, too."

"She is so benevolent that she is going to do the old woman a service, and her modesty pre-vents her bringing along her left hand to know what her right hand does." I do wonder what errand takes her there so frequently."
"Are you sure Mrs. Hooker is a conscientious

"Quite; but why do you ask?"
"Don't puzzle your poor little tired brain about that, child. Come, we will go down, and I will walk with you a little on your way home. I need the air to get rid of those indolent anodyne."

The two walked along the quiet road, sweet The two walked along the quiet road, sweet from last night's rain, across which long shadows were beginning to stretch. As they slowly sauntered toward the village, one of Mr. Chateaubriand's buggies passed them, with Arthur Miller and his carpet-bag on the back seat.

"I'm going to the five o'clook express," he said, as the driver paused a moment at his bidding. "Will be back to-morrow at the same hour. Better stay with Miss Meredith to-night, Aunie."

Annie."

"I did not know you were to go down again before the twentieth."

"Oh, yes. I've not selected my wedding present yet for the bride. That is a very important matter. I shall give to-morrow to its selection. Shall it be a diamond bracelet, Andrew?

Better suit your gifts to your means," she said, coldly.

"Precisely. I made a thousand dollars by a lucky stroke, the week before I came out. Would that be too much to expend on an article

would that be too much to expend on an article of so much importance?"

"I advise you to be prudent," was the response, and Arthur, laughing and brilliant, drove on, the envied of all who saw him.

"It feels to me as if there was a storm in the air," remarked Miss Miller, stopping in her walk, a little later, and looking about her with a wandering clance.

"Lily, I remember no more of it than as if that never been."
"Then you cannot lead me to the box!" cried Lillian, dismayed, overwhelmed with disappointment.
"I cannot, I remember nothing. Tell me all I said, please, my darling child, this moment."

Lillian reconsted what had passed

Meredith Place, ate her dinner in the most hum-drum fashion; spent the evening in giving say there's been none seen in these parts for twenty years."

"Thank you; I'll sit on the door-step, gram'ine. I dare say it was a screech-owl which disturbed you. There are no panthers in Meredith Place, ate her dinner in the most hum-drum fashion; spent the evening in giving say there's been none seen in these parts for twenty years."

"Thank you; I'll sit on the door-step, gram'ine. I dare say it was a screech-owl which disturbed you. There are no panthers in Meredith Place, ate her dinner in the most hum-drum fashion; spent the evening in giving say there's been none seen in these parts for twenty years."

"Thank you; I'll sit on the door-step, gram'ine. I dare say it was a screech-owl which disturbed you. There are no panthers in the most hum-drum fashion; spent the evening in giving say there's been none seen in these parts for twenty years." room, and slept a dreamless sleep, from which she did not arise to midnight excursions. The next day her brother returned from the city, and was welcomed with delight by the affectionate and anxious darlings who knew what his errand had been. No storm had broken the serenity of the summer sky, and no rail had broken on the road to startle the world with an accident. Something had happened, nevertheless, during that brief trip, of great import to the most of that joyous company. They did not perceive it now, however—least of all was it suspected by him whom it most concerned.

That evening, when the bride-elect came to dinner, she found a parcel under her napkin; she untied the little box, and brought to light a bracelet of diamonds and emeralds fit for a princess' acceptance.

princess' acceptance.

"Allow me," said Arthur, clasping it about the snowy wrist, and, as the lady pursued her dinner, the light of the jewels flashed little rainbows about her plate.

"I declare, Inez, your eyes are as green as these emeralds," exclaimed Bertha, as, trifling with her dessert, she chanced to look up at Mrs. Meredith, sitting opposite.

"I supposed they were black," answered Inex, dropping them. "You are blinded by what you have been looking at. No one, I dare say, would give as well-

would give as much for my eyes as for your 'A mistake, I assure you, Mrs. Meredith.

"A mistake, I assure you, Mrs. Meredith," simpered a youth, who, being selected to attend the third bridemaid, had nothing to do in the meantime but to pay her compliments. "Tiffany has nothing at all to be compared with those starry orbs—"
"Hear, hear," cried Don Miguel; "starry orbs! fine! Where did you find that rare and original comparison?"
"In my head," responded the youth, putting a spoonful of ico-cream in his mouth.
"What a pity we are not all engaged," remarked Sophie, pointing at Arthur, but not without a swift glance at Don Miguel.
"I suppose it is the bridal presents and the new dresses that induce half of you to place yourselves in that envisible position," said the Don.

On.

"Of course. The little god would kneel in vain, if he did not come with his hands full of jewels and 'promises to pay.' If he could not order a bouquet, select an ornament, and had no

ear for opera music, he ought to be banished to the days of Phillis and Corydon."
"It is better to have a cousin than to be en-gaged," said Inez, and, letting the white muslin of her flowing sleeve fall back from her brown, of her flowing sleeve fall back from her brown, but smooth and exquisitely shaped arm, she betrayed a bracelet much finer than Bertha's—a costly gift—which Don Miguel had brought with him, when he made his last declaration to Lillian, as a betrothal bond, if she should accept him. He was thinking, now, that one woman, at least, had withstood the temptation of wealth and ease, and her image rose before him all the more attractively, in contrast with these gay creatures who were telling the truth about themselves, with the prettiest air of being only in sport. "Oh, Inez," cried Sophie, "you never showed us that before! You little darling, how becoming it is to your arm! I always told you your ing it is to your arm! I always told you your hand and arm were perfect."

The Don had been watching her to mark the

The Don had been watching her to mark the impression made by the ornament; if she had shown envy or malice, he would have turned lightly from Sophie, as he had from so many other young ladies, but her evident freedom from covetousness, her good nature in admiring Inez, and pleasure in the latter's possession of the jewel, raised her many degrees in his respect. She was not Lillian; she was not his ideal; but, she was an amiable as well as a pretty girl, and he gave her a glance that had a thought in it, as he said:

"Inez must not claim the bracelet forever. I told her it was only lent to her. I intend to imitate Mr. Miller in my final use of it."

"I guess it's all right, ma'am. We're on the right track now, certainly. I followed him all day yesterday, as you advised, and I found out what?" Miss Miller's lips trembled, but she steadied her voice and tried to disguise it; the other, however, immediately detected his mistake.

"Beg your pardon, ma'am," said he; "I mistook you for the housekeeper. There's a fellow been stealing the berries and vegetables, and she set me on to watching him."

With that he passed by her, and went whisting on over the lawn, to the front gate, and ont upon the road. Miss Miller would have target in the passed by her, and went whisting on over the lawn, to the front gate, and ont upon the road. Miss Miller would have target in the passed by her, and went whisting on over the lawn, to the front gate, and ont upon the road. Miss Miller would have target in the passed by her, and went whisting on over the lawn, to the front gate, and ont upon the road. Miss Miller would have target in the passed by her, and went whisting on over the lawn, to the front gate, and ont upon the road. Miss Miller would have target in the passed by her, and went whisting on over the lawn, to the front gate, and ont upon the road. Miss Miller would have target in the passed by her, and went whisting on over the lawn, to the front gate and ont upon the road. Miss Miller would have target in the passed by her, an

softly such tears as do good to those who shed them; but, the single icy drop on the lids of the older woman were of those which, pressed from the heart, leave it dry.

"I must go home," said Lillian, when they the heart, leave it dry.

"I must go home," said Lillian, when they had stood some time—"will you return with me, as Arthur wishes?"

"I high root of least not to right."

"I high root of least not to right." I if that eager woman, with the flushed cheek and sparkling eye, was this self which sat here now, ne. sallow, stony, and indifferent. She recalled the moment when the slender, dark-eyed Cuban girl had emerged from the stage and she heard Doc-tor Meredith introduce her as his wife. Oh, but she had reason to hate even more than she de-spised! Yet, as she sat and watched her, at the table, darting those looks at the bride-elect, which Bertha had declared were "green," a

t grew upon her that Inez held some secret power to injure, over which she exulted.

Lillian had not, in describing the events of the night when she stayed with her, mentioned having found Inez in the lower hall, for the incident had been of so little invertures to be reserved. had been of so little importance to her as to pass out of her mind. Had she mentioned it to Miss Miller, the latter would have had some clay to

the power held by the woman with whom her brother had trifled. "She is plotting mischief," thought the governess. "Can it be possible that she knows what I know? There is not reticence enough in her to keep it one hour, should she have discovered it. It is more probable that she will stab him with the little poniard which I saw her raise on him once, than attempt a more complicated revenge. I cannot stay here. I shall suffocate in the midst of these triflers. I believe I will go and

see Mother Hooker."
Stealing from the dining-room without atstealing from the diming-room without at tracking particular attention, she threw a vail over her head and wandered off, in the growing twilight, through the garden, on into the field path which led through the woods to gram'me's. Her head was hot; the cool air felt grateful to her burning face; she waked rapidly on into the dim woods, where she could hardly track her way through the murmurous shadows. The secret she carried, which pressed ever heavier into her heart, was almost unbearable this evening. Those gay and thoughtless friends whom she had left behind were to her like children playing on the brink of a precipic; and, as the awful danger arose vividly before her imagination, she shrieked aloud. A thousand piercing echoes answered her, and she soreamed again, shrilly and long.

"It is a relief—I am afraid of insanity, some days," she muttered. "Who would think medeficient in courage? They call me strongminded, a natural leader—yet, here I shrink like the veriest coward. If I had confronted the danger at first, seized it by the throat, choked, silenced it, I should not now be overmassered. Every day I concede and concede, while the wrong grows. Oh, Arthurl oh, Lillian! I am afraid now that a hand less kind and more just than mine has taken the rein and is driving me on to ruin?"

She sat a little while on a log beside the path, listening to the last twittering notes of sleepy birds, the mournful cry of the whippowil which had answered her wild scream, and the rustle of the tall trees moving lightly in the wastern wind; then resumed her walk, urged by the fear that gram'me was studying out her evening chapter of the New Testament by the light of a taltow div who Miss Miller. Surprise has been wanted to be in bed if she dayed her call any later.

The delicate lady of the mansion grew tired for watching the board, fell asleep, woke up, and excused herself from the parlors, with a keen enjoyment in the consciousness that he was to have an opponent worthy of his steel. The delicate lady of the mansion grew ti tracting particular attention, she threw a vail over her head and wandered off, in the

Meredith wood—unless they be human panthers," sotto voce.

"Them screech-owls do make a drefful noise; they sound awful lonesome in the woods at night. It may be. It may be. But you ain't so timid as most women-folks, Miss Miller. 'Pears to me you don't look well lately; better let me fix you up some herb-tea or bitters, hadn't ye?"

"You can't medicine to a mind diseased, gram'me," replied the lady, sadly.

"Nay, that's so. What is it you want me to tell you that you don't know better'n I, Miss Miller!"

"The object of Mrs. Meredith's visits to you."

"Oho! Well, sartain, they're skasely wuth inquirin' into," and g. am'me laughed.

"It's nothing very bad, if you laugh about it."
"That's so, child; you're right. She'll never do any harm, that little simplation won't—she's too foolish. I don't know as I ought to tell on her, though, as she's come to me in confidence." "If you think it will do no harm, and that you are justified in keeping it, I shall ask no

more."

"Oh land! I reckon it makes no difference, one way or t'other. She jest comesto git me to make love-powders for your brother, and I humor her, to keep her from going to the 'pothecary's, or somewhere, where she'll make herself withoutons."

cary's, or somewhere, where she'll make herself ridiculous."

"I surmised as much, gram'me, and I'm obliged to you for being so discreet with her. She has her foreign ways, and we must humor them, I suppose. Her cousin will soon take her off with him, which will be a relief to us. Did she ever ask you for anything really dangerous?"

Mother Hooker hesitated; her eyes fell before the keen glance fixed upon her, but she raised them again as she said:

"If she had, you might know she wouldn't git it here—nor I wouldn't tell of her, neither, but jest lectur' her on her sin an' danger. She's most like the heathen, that poor child is, and I tell you I've preached to her powerful."

Miss Miller was just as well satisfied with this answer as if it had been more explicit. After a little more chat on the old woman's wants and ailments, she bade her good-night, and returned upon her lonesome rouie. The faint glimmer of a moon in its first quarter straggled through the wood, making weird shadows across the path, but marking it so that she had small difficulty in finding her way back. She was no covard as far as heing out alone was covered. path, but marking it so that she had small difficulty in finding her way back. She was no coward, as far as being out alone was concerned, and crossed the field as carelessly as if it had been broad daylight. Entering by that back gate, through which so many of my adventures had been made the previous summer, she strolled on to the arbor, and still feeling dislike to the prospect of company, she turned aside and entered. As she did so she was startled almost into an exclamation; but her long habit of self-control stood her in good stead, and she said nothing. The low beams of the sinking moon shone almost horizontally into the arbor against the face of a man sitting there as if waiting for somebody. The lady could see him with sufficient clearness to know that he was a stranger. Before she could decide whether to turn away or to accost him, he arose, saying:

"I guess it's all right, ma'am. We're on the right track now, certainly. I followed him all day yesterday, as you advised, and I found out what you said I would."

"Found out what?" Miss Miller's lips trembled, but she steadied her workers and the said and the right in the said in the result of the said in the

With that he passed by her, and went winstling on over the lawn, to the front gate, and out upon the road. Miss Miller would have taken his story for granted, but as she went up-the rear steps to the porch, she met Inez coming down, and knowing how superstitious and timid she was, wondered at her going out alone.

"Would you like company?" asked the governess. erness.
"Oh, no, thank you. I'm only going for a rosebud for my hair. Mr. Beckwith has stolen the one I was wearing," and she hurried on to-

Miss Miller then decided to go to the house

eeper with an account of the stranger in the He's a thief himself, you may be sure," said that personage, when she had told her story.
"I never authorized nobody to watch for
thieves. It's like he's after the fruit himself; or thieves. It's like he's after the fruit himself; or worse—mebbe he's a burglar, a-studyin' of the sitivation. I'm goin' to send Mick out to hunt him off the place, or I sha'n't close an eye this night. Like as not he's from the city, or he's come as a bodyguard over that silver which mistress was so foolish as to send for. I told her it wouldn't be safe in this country place, where there isn't a pilicement to save your life."

her it wouldn't be safe in this country place, where there isn't a p'liceman to save your life."

"Don't worry too much; he will not be apt to come back to-night, especially if he sees Mick hunting him out with a lantern. He will naturally suppose that we are on our guard. It think, if I were in your place, I would not disturb the family with it; there is probably not much in it, and if Mick goes out and looks about the place, and you fasten up worfully it will the place, and you fasten up carefully, it will be all that is necessary."

"All right," assented the housekeeper, but

with the lady who gave the advice it was no

all right.
When she entered the parlors Inez was there flirting with Mr. Beckwith, who was to be one of the groomsmen; Arthur and Bertha were at of the groomsmen; Arthur and Bertha were at the piano, Sophie and Don Miguel walking up and down the room, arm-in-arm, Mr. and Mrs. Chateaubriand playing chess; the terrors which beset her, and which gave her the haunted, nervous, expectant look, becoming habitual to her, did not come with her in full force into this cheerful company. Yet she knew they were there, like walves at the door, ready to

a keen enjoyment in the consciousness that he was to have an opponent worthy of his steel.

The delicate lady of the mansion grew tired of watching the board, fell asleep, woke up, and excused herself from the parlors, with a warning to her daughters to be in their beds by eleven o'clock.

Eleven o'clock came, and the gentlemen went away, the young ladies retired, laughing at papa and Miss Miller, still bent over their first game—one wary, watchful, designing—the other obstinate, fighting long on the edge of every lost field.

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POETIC OBESITY.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

I am a growing evil, sure,
There is no doubting that;
It is the flat of my fate—
I'm fated to be fat.

I'll never marry in the world, Since 'tis the worst of wees; I've just been slung by Addie Poe For reasons adipose.

I sighed for Miss McFerguson, She had such raven eyes; But she did not infatuate, And so disdained my sighs.

Miss Minks discarded me, too, seen, And spurned my offerings all, Although beside me she averred All other men were small

Miss Jambs was twenty, and a blonde; To marry she said "Nay!" She never would be bossed; besides, I'd have too much my weigh.

Miss Millison refused my love When her dear smile I sought; The reason that she gave was that Beside me she'd be naught.

Another intimated strong
That my devoirs must stop,
For though I was a humble ma
I was too much puffed up.

I asked if I could occupy A place within her mind; A place within her mind; he said the necessary space Would be too hard to find.

Another turned her head away When I began to woo; She said, "You don't amount to much Though there is much of you.

Another very strongly thought That I might recreant prove, Because she said I was too great For any one to love.

And then I tried a host of things To make myself grow small,
By which my purse was much reduced—
My person not at all.

And still the worst thing of it all That causes me to frown, Is, while the fattest, yet I am The poorest man in town.

The Flyaway Afloat:

YANKEE BOYS 'ROUND THE WORLD.

BY C. D. CLARK, AUTHOR OF "YANKEE BOYS IN CEYLON,

"CAMP AND CANOE," "ROD AND RIFLE," "THE SEAL-HUNTERS," ETC.

CHASE OF THE URANG—A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

"Now, gentlemen," said the Rajah, "I don't reckon you'll be long out of business, so let's mereckon you'll be long out of business, so let's meander on into the woods and see what we can
see. We'll raise the urang as soon as possible,
and then I'm off with you. But don't say so to
my men, or there would be bloodshed. The
darn fools like me, somehow."

Already the Borni were engaged in burying
the dead, but the small band of choice hunters
selected by the Rajah took the advance, and led
them at a rapid pace through the forest.

selected by the Kajah took the advance, and led them at a rapid pace through the forest. And such a forest as it was! The growth was simply wonderful, for in this island are found some of the most remarkable trees to be seen upon the face of the earth. The baobal, the liquidamber and other remarkable forest trees reared their stately heads in air, and the broad leaves of the talipot swayed to and fro before their eyes. "It's a great kentry, gentlemen," declared

"It's a great kentry, gentlemen," declared Saul—"a mighty kentry, and if you was to put it into the hands of native-born Yankees, twenty years hence you'd see something thet would make your eyes stick out. But here; this ain't urang hunting

He turned to one of the natives and cried out something in the language of the Borni. The man nodded gravely and at once issued his orders to the natives. Twenty or thirty men disappeared in the woods and scattered in every direction. For a time not a word was spoken, and the party awaited in perfect silence, looking in the direction from which the sounds which came to them told that the beaters were closing in, and driving everything before them.

"There goes an old man," cried Will. "Call him in, some one; he might get hurt."

Saul gave utterance to a delighted shout.

Saul gave utterance to a delighted shout.

"Old man, says you? That's the old man we are arter; that's the urang!"

Two or three hundred yards away, crossing an opening, was a bent and decrepit figure—that of an ugly native past the middle age; at least, so it seemed to the boys. But, Saul knew otherwise, for the creature they saw was the one known in America as the orangutan, the animal which, before the gorilla, has most human characteristics. He was running across an open space, uttering loud and piercing across an open space, uttering loud and piercing cries, evidently as a signal. The signal was quickly answered, and four

more such figures appeared, another male, a fe more such figures appeared, another male, a female, and two small urangs, scarcely larger than an infant, who ran through the long grass rapidly, and dived into the thickest of the woods.

"Hurrah!" shouted Will. "After them, boys, but take one of the little fellows alive if you can; I want him."

"Take care!" warned the Rajah. "Once git a urang in a corner and he'll fight like a p'isen cuss."

The boys never heard him, but at once stretched away in pursuit, bobbing under the swinging boughs, with their guns ready for a shot. The small game which abounded scuttled away at their approach without an attempt on the part of any of them to fire or strike. The urang was their game, and nothing else now could temp

Ned was the first of all who had luck. Being a rapid runner he was soon in advance of the rest, passing rapidly through the opening be-tween the great trees. He had got his eyes upon the smaller male of the two they had seen, and by rapid running separated him from his companions. Strange to say, the creature did not take to a tree; he seemed to know there was no safety for him there, and that, if he could not elude his pursuer, he was doomed. As he scut tled through the opening, his long arms swing ing and his body half-stooping he presented a strange appearance. The creature was heading for a heavy growth of underbrush, into which if he once plunged, it would be next to impossi-ble to follow him, and Ned, slackening his pace, prepared his rifle for a shot, when there started up before the creature a couple of half-naked Borni, who waved their arms in the air and shouted. With a half-human cry the urang wheeled and came flying back, flourishing his long arms in the air, and evidently driven to

desperation.

Ned drew up his rifle and pulled. Under ordinary circumstances he would have been sure of his aim, but, as he had to admit, "it was too much like shooting at a man," so his hand trembled. He did not miss, it is true, but the bullet, instead of passing through the head, as he intended, passed through the huge ear of the wild creature.

wound seemed to drive the game halfmad, and flourishing his arms like a windmill, he drove straight at Ned. But the Borni rushed in with their spears, fearing for the safety of

Ned was not at all frightened at the furious appearance of the now ferocious creature; so clubbing his rifle, he delivered a sudden and heavy jabbing blow, which drove the urang several paces backward. Before it could recover Ned had his revolver in his hand, and when it again charged, the weapon cracked twice in rapid succession. At the second distwice in rapid succession. At the second discharge the urang leaped into the air, and fell idead in its tracks, shot trough the brain. As Ned advanced to look at the fallen foe he heard a smothered cry for help through the woods to the right, and, grasping his revolver tightly, sprung away in the direction of the sound.

sprung away in the direction of the sound.
Will, from the very first, had kept his eyes
upon one of the young urangs. The boy was full
of a naturalist's enthusiasm, and had promised
of a naturalist's enthusiasm, and had promised a friend that he would bring him something of this kind, if possible, for his museum. If he could take it alive he counted upon rare sport in

tis training.

He was next to Ned in the chase, and when the game separated, he had taken up the chase of the bevy which had the young in charge. But they had plunged into the woods, and quickly mounted a great tree, where they lay concealed in the branches, while the sound of purisit syrathly on every side.

it swept by on every side.
Will waited, for he had a great fancy for hunting alone, and even his adventure with the elephant, when he took refuge in the hollow tree, had not cured him of the propensity. So he stood under the tree, and allowed the rest to pass him, giving no sign to indicate that he had any knowledge of the hiding-place of the

It was a rather selfish act, and as selfishness is apt to do, it brought its reward in a shape which was far from pleasant to the boy.

"Oh, yes," he muttered, as he balanced his Winchester, "here's the tool that will fix you,

my boys; you've got to come out of that, you He began to walk about the large tree, with his

The apes had hidden themselves securely, and in spite of his keen eyes he could not see "Oh, hang the luck," he thought. "Come out and show yourselves, and be somebody, you

Probably if the deviltry which belongs naturally to the ape families, had not showed itself, the boy might have been disappointed in his object; but unfortunately the tree bore a species of nut, peculiar to these islands, covered with spike-like projections, and as large as a cocoa-

Seeing the boy underneath, one of the urangs could not resist the temptation to drop one of the nuts upon his head!

It had no sooner occurred to the urang than the thought was executed, and the great nut-came down, true as a die, and alighted fairly upon the head of the unfortunate Will.

Only one thing, the stiff-crowned hat which he wore, saved him from serious injury, for the spines were broken in passing through the cap but, even as it was, he came to the earth with oump, while a loud chattering from above told that the urangs were exulting over the success of the "drop."

They now began to rain the nuts down so rapidly that Will crept out of the way, but not soon enough to prevent one of the nuts from scoring his right leg, cutting three deep gashes as neatly as if it had been done with a knife.

as neadly as if it had been done with a knife.

To say that he was angry would be putting it
mildly. He was furious beyond measure, and
grasping his rifle again, he got up slowly, with
his eye fixed upon the tree, and put the rifle to
his shoulder. At the same moment one of the
urangs, holding one of the nuts by a spike, looked out from among the leaves. Will stepped
nearer, to tempt him, and the creature crawled
out further on the branch, holding the "baby" out further on the branch, holding the "baby" on one arm, and balancing the nut for a toss. At this moment Will discharged his rifle, tak-

ing a more careful aim than he had ever taken in his life.

Crack!
The urang dropped the nut and made a wild clutch at the branches above his head, and then came plunging down, turning once in the air and falling flat upon his back, with the little creature still closely clasped. Will ran up and caught up the young urang, the prize for which he had suffered so much, and at the price of a sharp scratch or two succeeded in binding it closely, hand and foot.

The little fiend fought fiercely, and uttered piercing cries.

piercing cries.

Will paid no attention to this, but completed his work, and was about to rise, when, with the savage yell peculiar to the ape, the mother alighted upon his back. Will whirled quickly and fastened his right hand upon her throat,

and a desperate struggle began.

In the course of his wanderings it had been the fortune of Will Wade to meet with many wild adventures, but never, perhaps, in all that time, had he met a flercer foe than this, a mo-

ther fighting in defense of her young. In his first alarm he uttered a cry although he did not look for any. The hunters had all passed, long ago, and were no doubt far away in the forest, beating it for the lost game. He must depend upon himself, and even if he conquered, it must be at some cost.

The sharp claws were working furiously, and

the creature showed wonderful strength. If he could have reached his knife, a single thrust would have ended it, but he had dropped it while engaged in tying the young urang, and it was now out of his reach. Again and again the harp claws tore through his flesh, and he alnost began to despair, for the urang was tear ng furiously at the hand fastened on her throat lashing her white teeth together savagely, and ttering the most savage yells. Suddenly the ight paw shot down to the earth, and when she

raised it she held in her clutch the heavy bowie which Will had dropped!

Of course the creature did not understand the use of the knife, but meant to use it as a club. Holding it as she did, with the edge down, a sinle blow from the heavy weapon would split his kull like an egg-shell. Will darted up his left and and caught her by the wrist, but, in doing was forced to release his hold upon her throat, stantly the long teeth were fastened in the flesh the forearm which clasped her wrist, and in s agony the boy released her and the knife as again raised on high.

ras again raised on high.

At this moment, when there seemed no hope or him, a rush of feet was heard, a revolver racked so close to him that the powder burnt is tattered sleeve. The jaws of the urang reach their gripe, the knife dropped from hereble clutch, and she rolled over on the earth the agonies of death. It was Ned, who, compate to the aid of his brother, had placed his pished to the ear of his assailant, and shot her prough the head.

The rest of the party, hearing the shots, came ashing back, only to find the urang dead, and ed Wade supporting the bleeding form of Will pon his knee, and endeavoring to stanch the owing blood. It was many a day before the oy was himself again and he had learned a leson which he would never forget.

Tales Worth Telling. BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

III.

SERGEANT LEAHY THE SWIMMER.

THERE are many deeds of heroism that the ewspapers never hear of, and there are feats of strength and endurance performed by quiet, un known people that will rival those of profession that he subject of our story is an ex-pellent illustration of the perfection to which about exercise can be brought, if θ man of in-celligence bends his will to becoming first in a

Thomas Leahy was born in Scotland of Irish rents, about sixty years ago, and still lives in agland, as swimming-master to the great pub ic school of Eton, where the young dukes and arls are brought up. Since he was made mas-er, a wonderful change has taken place in the swimming at Eton, so much so that it is said that his pupils can be recognized in any part of the world, by their peculiar grace, ease and rapidity of swimming, as Etonians of Leahy's school. Some of his secrets, and a few of his wonderful exploits are worth telling and hear-

Like all born athletes, young Leahy, from his

earliest years, was devotedly fond of gymnastics, and averse to other study. Just like all the rest, too, he regrets his want of early education now that it is too late to repair it. As long as the heyday of youth and strength lasts the life of an athlete is pleasant enough; but when such an one gets past his prime, and sees the companions he used to despise as weaklings grown up, prosperous and rich, while he no longer attracts crowds, he is apt to think he has misspent his time. In the case of Leahy, however, this is not so, for having been a good, sober, spent his time. In the case of Leany, however, this is not so, for having been a good, sober, honest fellow all his life, old age is coming on him slowly, amid the respect of his employers, while the Eton boys all adore him.

Young Tom was sent to school early, but he would not learn anything more than reading.

writing and a little ciphering, while he was always swimming whenever he got a chance, and was devotedly fond of soldiers, too. At last, when he was about eighteen years old, he left his ome suddenly, and enlisted in the 93d Highland Regiment, just as it was leaving England for India. Once in the Highlanders, Leahy seemed to be in his element, and remained in the same regiment for thirty years, never having a bad conduct mark all the time he was there. It was while there, however, that he found cause to be orry for having neglected his studies. He was remarkably brave man in battle, and twice be-

a remarkably brave man in battle, and twice behaved with such gallantry that he was offered a commission. He was unable to accept it, because he could not pass the examination for officers, and he was obliged to be content with remaining a sergeant all his days.

However, we are not here concerned so much about his bravery as his swimming powers, which were truly extraordinary. When Leahy entered the army he was already a good swimmer, but he soon became a better one. His regiment was first posted at Gibraltar, and while there his favorite amusement was to swim races with the rest of the garrison, when they were off duty.

He very soon was able to beat any one in his regiment, and the officers were so proud of him that they matched him against a famous swim-mer of the Rifle Brigade, to swim half a mile out

o sea to a buoy and return.

Leahy won this match, which was for about wenty-five dollars a side, with such ease that o one else in the garrison dared answer his chal-onge to swim "any man, black, white or brown, two-mile race for a hundred pounds.

Soon after he had thus become the champion swimmer at Gibraltar the regiment was order-ed to Aden, on the coast of Arabia, by the Red ea, where it remained in garrison for nearly

three years.

Here young Leahy, who was now a corporal, was in his element. He had plenty of spare time, and the beautiful sandy beach invited him to swim constantly, while the peculiar clearness of the water and the coral formations at the bottom tempted him to perfect himself in the art of diving, in which he soon became an expert. He was not long there before his fame as a swimmer began to spread, and as none of the garrison dare challenge him, they hunted through the country until they found an Arab fisherman, who was said to be able to stay in the water a whole day, and backed him against Leahy for fifty pounds, to swim a two-mile

Leahy had heard a good deal of the wonder-Leahy had heard a good deal of the wonderful powers of savages and wild men generally in the water, and of course felt a little uncomfortable, as they might have some peculiar style of swimming of which he knew nothing, as he swam in the ordinary European manner.

However, his officers backed him against Osman the Arab, and one day at noon the two men went down to the beach before a large concurse of people, and struck out for a buoy. It

course of people, and struck out for a buoy. It was intensely hot, and every one was afraid the

swimmers might get sunstruck.

Some one recommended Leahy to duck his head often and keep it wet, but he declined the advice, and did not even plunge in headfore-He mentions one curious fact about this duck-

ing of heads, so often recommended in hot weather to avoid sunstroke. It is that so long as he kept his head dry in swimming he never had a headache, but if he wet his head he always had more or less headache.

This is worth remembering and agrees with the writer's experience, though, of course, con-

stitutions differ.

Well, Leahy and Osman swam straight out to sea, and before they had gone a quarter of a mile the Highlander was far ahead of the Arab. swam in a very different style, very flat and llow, near the top of the water, with long Strokes, making long pauses between the strokes. The Arab swam very deep in the water, nearly perpendicular in fact, with short strokes and pauses. He appeared to labor very little, but his progress was slow. The spectators watched the two heads growing more and more distant, till they were almost out of sight, but they could see the two rowboats that accompanied the swimmers getting further apart every minute, till the furthest had rounded the buoy and was coming back home, nearly a quarter of a mile ahead. All through the race Leahy continued to gain, and finally reached the beach pretty well tired, thirteen minutes in advance of the Arab. By the time Osman came in, the Highlander was well rested, had taken a glass of hot grog to keep the cold of the water from hurting him, and announced himself ready to begin again. This was in answer to Osman's backers, who trusted much to the endurance

of their man, and wanted to make a ten-mile At last Osman came out of the water, looking as quiet as when he entered it, and apparently quite fresh. It was soon found out, however, quite fresh. It was soon found out, however, that he had enough of it for that day. The wonderful rapidity of Leahy's swimming convinced Osman that he never could beat the Highlander in the longest race. All he could do was to stay in the water for hours.

This race established Leahy as champion of

the Red Sea; and therefore, it was not without a little surprise, that soon after he received a challenge from a corporal of his own regiment to swim a match to a little island that lay in the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, about a mile from the shore. This corporal was a fine swimmer, but by no means equal to Leahy, and he only made one condition, that he should be allowed to land on the right of the island, while Leahy should take the left.

This was a private match between the two This was a private match between the two for a guinea a side, and they started one moonlight evening, just after Leahy's match with Osman. At first Leahy was leaving the corporal slowly, then began to gain more rapidly, and thought he had an easy victory before him, when they both began to near the island. The tide was beginning to set out to sea with increasing towns and suddenly Leahy found himself swent. force, and suddenly Leahy found himself swept previously ignorant, running at the rate of seven miles an hour. He looked for his rival, and saw that the same current, which formed an eddy on the other side, was taking the corporal straight to the island at the same rapid pace. Then he realized that his challenger had tricked

him, and that he was in grave danger.
What was to be done? Not a boat was near them, and no human being could hope to swim against such a current, not even the cham-pion of Aden. For a few moments Leahy gave inself up for lost, and began to think over all is past life. Already the current had borne im abreast of the island, and from the course it was taking he saw that he would certainly miss the nearest point by at least sixty feet. Suddenly flashed over his mind something he had read. It was very little he are a little he It was very little he ever did read, but anything about swimming he had by heart. He remembered to have seen it in a certain book that if one dives beneath a current he loses it. and can swim faster under water than above it. and can swim faster under water than above it. There was just time to try if this were true. "Lord have mercy on me, a simer!" thought poor Leahy, and down he went, heading for shore. He staid down as long as he could, and when he rose—oh, joy!—he found himself near the island. One look, and down he went again. Up he came, and the bank loomed almost overhead but the tarrible surface current was here. ead, but the terrible surface current was hurrying him away again. A third dive, and his outstretched hand struck a sharp coral rock. He was safe. As he rose to the surface, he caught an overhanging mass of seaweed, clinging to a

rock, and a moment later was on shore There was time to win the race yet. It was set to a flight of steps at the end of the island, and he ran toward them, reaching the top just as his rival came slowly climbing out of the water, whither a branch of the same current had

as its first came slowly chimolog out of the water, whither a branch of the same current had carried him. It was a fair beat, and ended in Leahy, then and there, giving his treacherous rival a tremendous thrashing for his trick.

Now, for some time, the young corporal had no more challenges, but he did not give up swimming for all that. One morning, at sunrise, after reveille roll-call, he was walking on the beach, when he saw a large English man-of-war lying at anchor, about three miles from shore. He suddenly made up his mind that he would swim out to her, ask for some newspapers, and come back before breakfast or at least before guard-mount. This, too, when he knew that he was detailed for guard that day. No sooner thought of than off went his clothes, and in he went.

He swam to the ship and was taken on board,

clothes, and in he went.

He swam to the ship and was taken on board, where he was highly complimented by the officers. He asked the time from them and found that he had been fifty-seven minutes swimming three miles and a half, the exact distance, afterward measured in a boat. After resting five minutes, Leahy sprung into the water again, a packet of newspapers on his head, and swam back to shore in fifty-three minutes. He would have made still better time, but for being annoyed by a pair of sharks which followed him. The Red Sea sharks are, however, such cowardly brutes that they are easily frightened cowardly brutes that they are easily frightened off by splashing and shouting. This stopped Leahy probably at least three minutes. He reached shore just in time to dress, get to his quarters, and turn out for guard-mount, there-

quarters, and turn out for guard-mount, thereby escaping punishment.

After two years at Aden, the regiment was sent to India, where Leahy spent a great many years, rising to the post of sergeant-major and gaining several medals for valor. He only failed to get the Victoria cross, for saving an officer's life in the Indian mutiny of 1859, because the officer himself and the only other witness of the dead were killed at the relief of Lucknow, before they could give their affidayit of now, before they could give their affidavit of his bravery.

his bravery.

This was, and is, the one sore spot in Sergeant Leahy's life. He always felt that he ought to have had the Victoria Cross, which is coveted by English soldiers more than anything else. It is given "for valor," and is only bestowed on those who have saved the life of a fellow-soldier under circumstances of extraordinary danger, attested by two eye-witnesses, one of whom must be a commissioned officer.

Although Leahy did not cat his Victoria Cross.

must be a commissioned officer.

Although Leahy did not get his Victoria Cross, he at least deserved it, and he obtained three good-conduct medals, for having served three terms of five year's each without a single deficiency in manners or discipline. At last, in 1865, he was discharged, after thirty years' faithful service, at the age of forty-seven, and was pensioned, with a certificate of good service, which procured him work at Eton. He went there, because he was recommended by several of his old officers, who had been Etonians. At first he was put in as assistant swimming-master, and after a few years promoted to chief instructor, a place he holds now. The Eton swimming-school, since he has been there, has become the best in the world, and is well worth imitation in America.

worth imitation in America.

The origin of the swimming-school is this. Eton is situated on the River Thames, above London, and the boys are of course very fond of rowing, but so many accidents have happened that the masters will not allow any boy to enter a boat until he has "passed his examination" as a swimmer. The consequence is that the whole of the boys have to pass through the swimming-school, and it has become the best anywhere known.

The "examination" is as follows:

The "examination" is as follows: The swimming-master stands on a platform in the middle of a long bath, about waist-deep, with clear water, and the pupils swim round him, while he corrects their faults, teaches them how to kick, how to strike out the hands, when now to kick, how to strike out the hands, when to breathe, and so on. He never lets them out till he is quite satisfied that each pupil hollows his back properly, kicks wide, lies flat, swims perfectly, and in "Eton style." Then the boy is "passed." Learners are taken in the large bath from the platform, and put in a loose canvas belt passing under the arms. This belt hangs by a rope from a pole, held by the master, and the pupil has no four of sixting which has no four of si and the pupil has no fear of sinking while he is being taught. He never gets his mouth full of water, never gets frightened, and the conse-quence is that most boys learn how to swim pretty fairly in three or four lessons, some trike out even in the first, and none want more

If a boy knows how to swim, but swims "bad style," as most boys do, the swimming-master puts him right into the belt again, and keeps him there till he has learned "Eton style." him there till he has learned "Eton style." Such is the famous Eton school of swimming and there it is to-day for any of our readers who ever takes a trip to England. Sergeant Leahy looks strong and and vigorous still, and bids fair to remain swimming-master at Eton for many a long year to come. He is always polite to Americans. He has three medals from the Huggan Society for saving needs the Humane Society for saving people from

Chased by Liquid Fire.

AN INCIDENT OF WOMAN'S HEROISM.

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER.

"This is not a story I'm goin' to give ye," said Sam Hall, passing around the tobacco-pouch for us to lighten; "it's truer'n Gospel, an' thar's dozens as will bear me witness o' the fac' when they read this in the SATURDAY JOURNAL. I don't go a cent on yarns, so I'll give ye su'thin

as actually occurred.
"It was in the early days of the oil excitement, when people were crazy about oil as they were about gold in the '50's. I had an attack o' the fever among the first, and struck a bee-line fer Oil City, which was the nighest point fer me to reach from Pitts.

"It didn't take me long ter find out that a near men couldn't make his independent for it.

poor man couldn't make his independent fortin in a day; but thar war heaps o' work to do at liberal prices, an' so I decided to stop off an' try my luck wi' the rest.

I wandered about fer a week or so, and at last struck down on the Huckleberry farm, near Triumph. 'Tweren't much of a place, this Tri-umph; thar were a few shanties scattered here an' there through the woods, on top o' the hill, an' every other house weren't no house at all, an' the nex' war like as not an oil-derrick. Lookin' up from the valley below one ked a'most imagine thet Triumph war a settlement o' meetin'-houses, supposin' thet the towerin' derricks were steeples.

derricks were steeples.

"First along, weemen were as skeerce in Triumph as good vittles, which weren't to be had
at no price. Thar war one family, though, wi'
a pretty gal in it, an' when we boys 'd get hungry for a glimpse o' the tender sex, we'd walk
three miles over to old Bill Mackey's, an' peek
in the windy at his Belle a-playin' on the pi-

The Mackeys lived way off in the woods in an old hut, but they had heaps o' dudads, you bet, an' weren't a-askin' no favors o' nobody or nothin'. Every day Miss Belle would get on her pony an' ride over into the oil district in an' about Triumph, but 'tweren't to see us rough, 'Oh! no; thar weren't no attractions among

"Oh! no; thar weren't no attractions among our crowd for her. But, it did not take me long fer to find out whar she was castin' sheep's eyes."

"Triumph stood on top of a ridge, on each side o' which was a valley. The slope on the east war powerful steep, an' about half-way down war a shanty in which lived a young feller as was sick. I got a glimpse o' him when

passin' by one mornin', an' I swar he war nigh about as 'ansum as a pictur'. We boys used to call him the Hermit; but arter Belle Mackey got to goin' an' wisitin' him, we s'pected they were in love with each other, an' such war the case as was afterward proven. His name war Ray Sylvester or sum sich, an' he war confined to his bed wi' rheumatics, or the like, his only attendant, 'cept Miss Belle, bein' an old afgger wench. Folks said as how he war a millionaire, but thar war more as didn't believe it as thar

wench. Folks said as how he war a millionaire, but thar war more as didn't believe it as thar war that did. Didn't 'pear to me that a millionar' would be livin' off in desolation like he; it didn't look natteral; know I wouldn't if I war wu'th such a heap o' dudads.

"Well, Miss Belle used to visit him regular, so that we got to expectin' her comin'; but at last we noticed that she didn't go nigh the shanty no more, and we kalkerlated thar'd been a fallin' out atwixt 'em. So one o' our crowd went an' jabbered wi' the wench, an' found out the hull lay o' the land. Her mater wat a pon artist wi'out means, an' Miss Belle had offered to marry him an' let him have the handlin' o' her spondulics, at which he got offended, when there were a few hot words, an' my lady had cleared out in high dudgeon.

there were a few hot words, an' my lady had cleared out in high dudgeon.

"So arter that, instead of going to the shanty, she'd ride down to our wells, and watch us fellers at work, always having a pleasant word or smile at her command. The wells we were workin' were at the side hill, about a quarter of a mile above Sylvester's shanty, an' the same distance below Triumph, whar the heft o' the strikes war. Above an' directly on a line wi' us were old Morgan's great thousan'-bar'l tank, an' this, owin' to the large production of the territory, was constantly full o' oil in the crude state.

"Well I remember the night that God saw

in the crude state.

"Well I remember the night that God saw fit to strike that tank wi' his hand of mighty power. It had been sultry all the day and just at night a big thunder-storm rizthat'd make yer teeth chatter. Our gang—six o' us in all—war gathered in the b'iler-house to keep dry, fer we knew 'twar goin' ter rain pitchforks, an' so we skud fer shelter. We hadn't bin thar more'n a minnit when Miss Belle came ridin' down the hill, a-shoutin' fer us to get out o' the house. We knew w'at she meant. It warn't safe there We knew w'at she meant. It warn't safe there when thunder an' lightnin' war playin' around so much steel an' the like. So we piled out into the rain, an' stood an' tuk it like a passel o' lambs, she wi' us, an' seemin' to really enjoy the

"Talkin' about storms—that war a storm in dead earnest. The rain kim down in bucketfuls, the thunder roared and banged away like ten thousan' cannons, an' the lightnin' hissed an' squarmed about in a shape orful to see. Can't say how 'twas wi' the rest o' the boys, but I'm sart'in every hair in my head war standin'

straight on end.

straight on end.

"I could see that Mistress Belle was uneasy, too. Every now an' then, as the thunder 'd rip out like a bellerin' bull, she'd give a quick glance, first down at Ray Sylvester's shanty, an' then up to'rds Triumph—at the big Morgan tank, I expect, which loomed up grim and threatening through the glares of lightning.

"For full half an hour it kept up, an orful battle o' the elements; then as the sky began to clear away and a burst of light from the setting sun illuminated the scene, thar war an awful clap o' thunder, follered by a blaze o' lightnin' that seemed to singe the very leaves from the trees; then high above the infernal din of the moment we heard the shriek of Belle Mackey, as she leaped to the back of her horse and lashed him madly down the hill toward Sylvester's shanty:

shanty:

"Fly! fly! for God's sake, men; the tank has burst!—an ocean of liquid fire is after you?

"Sirs, I shall never, never forget that terrible instant—that single second in which we took one wild, scared glance back up the hill.

"The lightning had split an ugly gash in the side of the tank from which the ignited oil was pouring in a mighty river, and coming madly down toward us!

"You ask did we run?

"Well, if I am not clean gone in my memory we did. Away, away down the hill we tore, leaping over all obstacles, minding nothing, only frenzied with the mad determination to get out of the jaws of the flery death that was chasing us. Belle Mackey was nearly to Sylvester's cabin ere we had started, so swift had she been in her flight. We saw her reach it, and leap off on the ground; we saw her had she been in her flight. We saw her reach it, and leap off on the ground; we saw her disappear within the shanty, only to return a second later with a man's form clasped in her arms. How she ever succeeded in mounting I cannot say, but mount she did, and away down the hill, slantwise, she dashed, we close at her heals, and the graying beiling shrighing. the nill, siantwise, she dashed, we close at her heels, and the roaring, boiling, shrieking volume of liquid fire at ours. Madly we tore on, howling with affright, and cursing like troopers; it's a wonder the Lord ever permitted such a pack of sinners to escape. But escape we did, though I can never tell just

how.
"We were found—myself and two of my pards, an' Miss Belle Mackey an' her lover—after the fire had burned out. We were lying to one side o' the track, all as senseles as a pile of bricks; the other three boys did not get that further was found their roasted carcasses in the for we found their roasted carcasses in the track o' the fire."

Here the narrator paused to wipe his eyes.
"What became of Belle Mackey and Sylveser?" we ventured to ask.

"They? oh, they got married soon after, an' ar' livin' sum'ars up in the Oil Region now. Sylvester got over his rheumatics, and he and his brave wife ar' often called upon to relate how they were Chased by Liquid Fire!"

Ripples.

LET a grown person cry with half the strength, volume, and frequency of a babe, and he will kill himself in twenty-four hours. Who can explain this appalling mystery?

In garrets and closets and woodshed lofts ngths of rusty stovepipe are now holding conventions and passing resolutions to the effect that they will stand up and be counted, out never coerced by a red-faced man superintended by a tearful yet determined woman.

THE proprietor of a bar-room in San Antonio, Texas, when his slate gets full, shuts up his establishment and goes out to collect the lues. Those who refuse to pay he whips, and that fact is so well understood that he has little rouble in settling his accounts

A ROCHESTER milkman has lost two lady ustomers because a newspaper charged him with putting aqua pura in his milk. They said they had all they could do to stand the water he put in, but now that he was caught adding that nasty drug, they wanted no more of his milk in theirs.

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